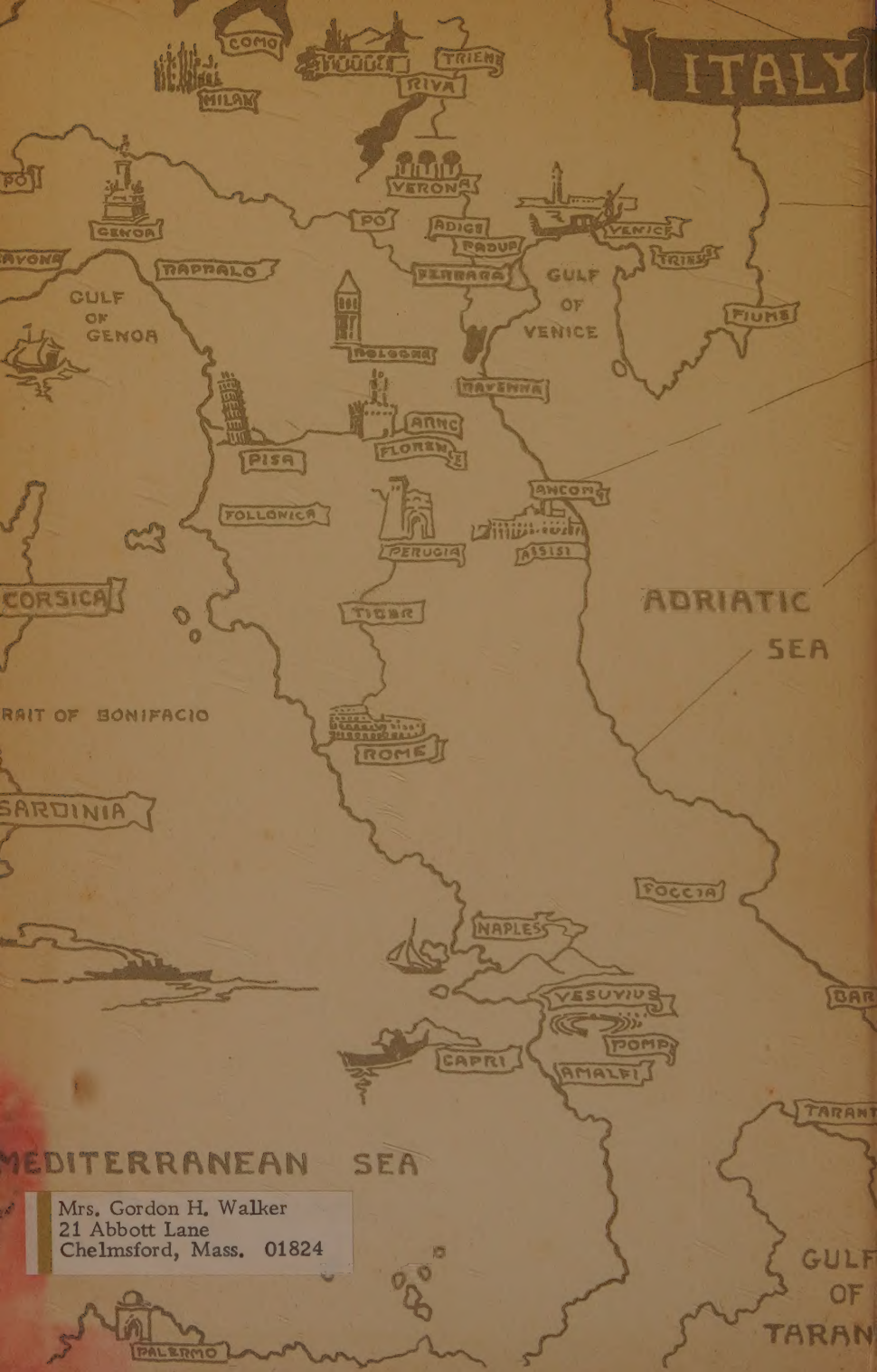

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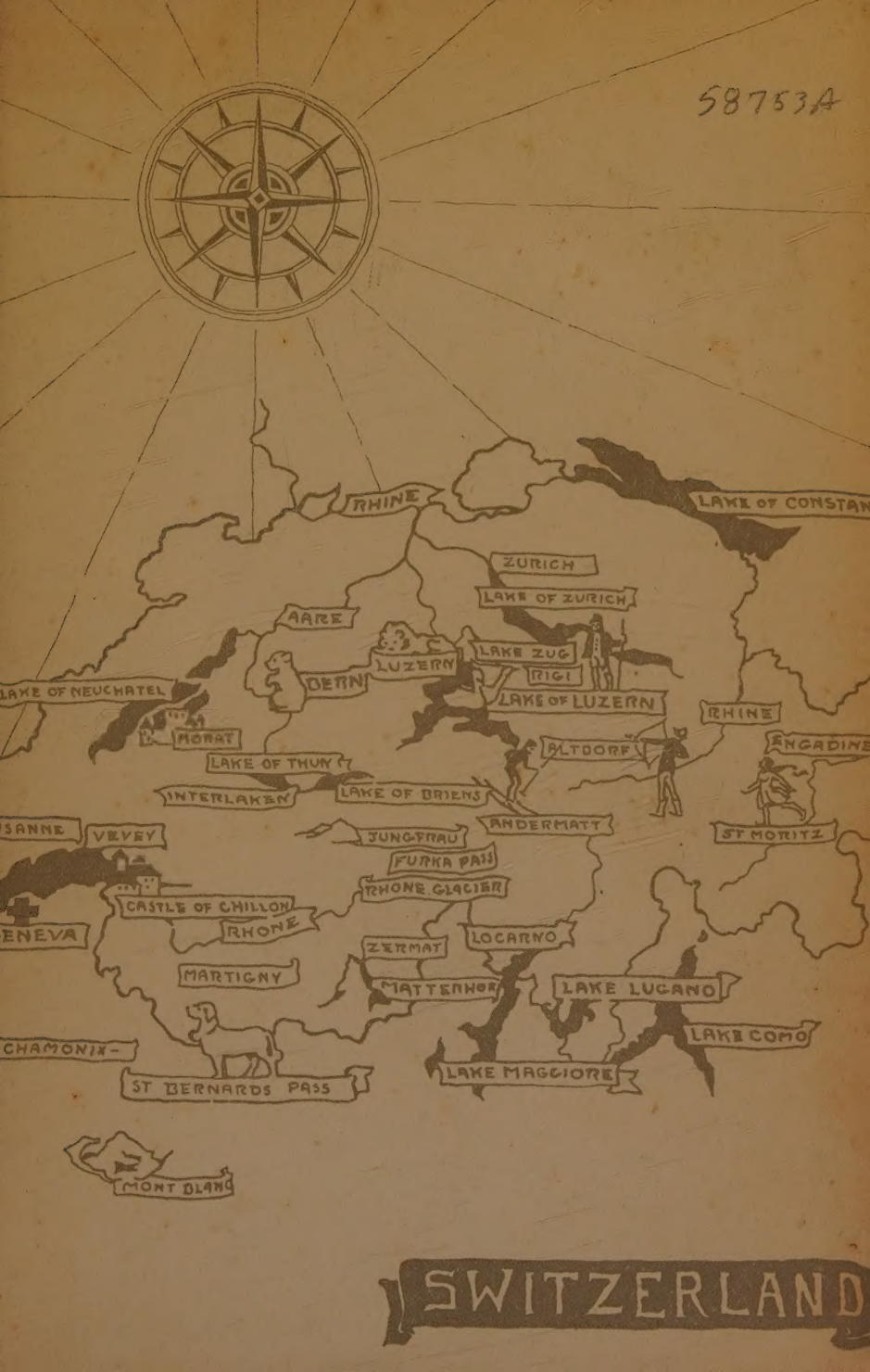

SWITZERLAND

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE
IN ITALY AND SWITZERLAND

Where It All Comes True In Italy and Switzerland

The *Experiences* and *Observations* of
BETTY and MARY
as related by their Aunt
CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

With Illustrations

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WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE
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Where It All Comes True In Italy and Switzerland

CHAPTER I

NAPLES AND ITS STORY-PLACES

NOTE: We are two little girls who will be thirteen and eleven when this is printed. Ever since we can remember, we have dreamed of going to Europe; and when we were twelve and ten, we went, with our auntie who goes every year, and who began going when she was six. We have always called her Nannie. Nannie says that you might not care at all about what we did in Europe just because *we* did it; but she thinks you might care about it if it helps you plan what *you* are going to do. We think that going to Europe when you are small is the most wonderful thing that can happen to you. And the *next* most wonderful thing is looking forward to going, and getting ready for it — making plans. You can make plans even when you don't see how you're going to get there; and you learn so much, when you think about those things as places you are going to see, instead of just places in a book. Lots of people think going to Europe is just looking at museums and picture galleries and churches. But it's like that only if you don't know any way that's more interesting. We don't think of it that way, at *all!* We had the most fun

that could be imagined. We grew so much and got so 'husky' that people hardly knew us when we came home. We got acquainted with heaps of European people that we just adore and can hardly wait to see again. And we felt all the time as if we were living *inside* of all the grandest story-books in the world; and so we know, now, that they are all *true*. We can't begin to tell you how it all helps us in school, and in everything we read.

I. GETTING STARTED

The hardest thing about writing, when you have so much to say, is knowing where to begin. We would like to start with 'way back when we first began to plan going and look forward to it and talk about it, years ago. But that would take a whole book, before we even got to Europe! And we'd like to write and write about the ship, and what fun you have. We didn't want to get off ours, although we were so crazy to get to Europe. And the Chief Steward said he would hire us, so we could live on the ship; but we would have to get up every morning at 4.30 and begin work at 5; and the early part of the day — before people were up — would be mostly scrubbing the ship, and things like that. So we thought that wouldn't be so much fun. We had a great big swimming-pool on our ship, and went swimming every day — sometimes twice; and a dandy gymnasium with every kind of thing in it to ride — a 'camel,' and 'horses' that trot or gallop, whichever way you turn on the electric switch; and a 'boat' to

row; and everything. And there was every kind of game on deck. We learned how to play them all. Also, there was a party, one night, when everybody got fancy caps to put on, and hundreds of little cotton balls to throw at other people, and every kind of funny thing to blow and make a noise, and balloons, and presents, and everything. We never had so much fun! And another thing we

loved was the dogs. Ever so many people take dogs to Europe, and buy dogs over there to bring back. The dogs have kennels away up on the top deck where the lifeboats are kept, and the wireless station is; and they get taken out for exercise twice a day, to run around the deck. But somebody has to hold on to them. The man who takes care of the dogs used to let us run with them. We loved it; and we got real well acquainted with some awfully nice dogs.

There is hardly any kind of fun you don't have on the ship. We'd like to write lots about it, and about the sailors and the stewards and how much we liked talking to them, and how good to us they were. But we have to get this book to Europe, where there's so much to say.

There's a couple of things we ought to write, though, about what we talked over before we landed.

After we got started, we used to say, whenever we had something or saw something that was very different from what we were used to, 'How funny!' And Nannie said it wasn't funny at all, but *we* were kind of funny because we had never heard of it before. She said things are not funny because we're just finding them out, or because they are different from what we're used to; and that the 'funniest' people we would see in Europe were those who think that everything is 'queer' if it is different from what they have at home. She said people who go travelling are supposed to be making comparisons all the time, and deciding whether they like *this* way better, or *that*. But

that it isn't polite, when you are in a country you have invited yourself to visit, to say, *out loud*, that you like your home way best. And that it isn't *smart* to make your mind up, and talk about it, until you have seen a number of things to compare. And that, even if you don't like what you find abroad as well as you like what you left at home, one of the reasons for going travelling is to show yourself, and other people, how well you can get on in conditions that are strange to you. She said that trying to make the world understand and appreciate *us* isn't half as good a game or as much fun as trying to make ourselves understand and appreciate the rest of the world. So we decided to do it that way. And we made up a song, to the tune of 'London Bridge is Falling Down.' The words were:

'Some people talk like that, talk like that, talk like that,
Be-cause they're *stu*-pid!'

And when any of us said 'How funny!' because somebody talked different, or something was different from what we had been used to, the other two of us just softly hummed the tune of 'London Bridge.' Pretty soon we stopped saying 'How funny!' And then we found that we had stopped *thinking* it.

We didn't actually begin our travels with Italy. We began with France. But we thought we'd begin our story of them with Italy, because that seems such a good place to begin.

We have wanted to go to Italy ever since we were about half-past two and didn't know where

Italy was, or what it was; but we used to play with a little bronze gondola and put teeny weeny baby bears (wood ones, from Switzerland) to ride in it on the living-room rug, and look at pictures of Venice where you ride up to the front doors of the houses in a gondola, and the street cars are all steamboats that whistle. Those are the things we knew first about a place called Italy that sounded very jolly to us.

We were awfully excited, before we left home, because we were going to Italy. But when we had to leave France, we wished we hadn't planned to go anywhere else. We soon found out that we were going to wish that way nearly all the time! Almost every place we got to, we wanted to *stay*. We never could see any sense in leaving; but when we got to the next place, we were terribly glad we had come.

Italy was like that. We hated to leave France (even though we knew we were going back to it in six weeks or so, but when we got to Italy, my! but did we love it?

II. NAPLES LOOKS JUST LIKE ITS PICTURES

Naples wasn't our first taste of Italy, but it is where a great many people begin, and we think it's the best place to start.

It is very beautiful, and it gives you a queer, thrilly feeling because it looks so like its pictures — and everybody knows it in pictures. When you see colored pictures of Naples Bay, like postcards, you say: 'Of course it can't really look like that! Who ever heard of water that blue? Or sky,

either! And old Vesuvius smoking away.' It just didn't seem possible that it could all be *real.*

But the longer you stay, the more you feel this way: Here it all is, just like the pictures and the story-books and the books we have in school; and you're *in* it, *part of it!* It keeps you thinking you must be dreaming. And when you know you're *not*, you begin thinking how different school is going to be when you go back to it.

We haven't been away from Europe very long. But we know how excited and interested we get when we find anything in the newspapers or magazines, in books or anywhere, that tells about places we saw. And school is nearly *all* about things we saw and did in Europe; so we are having lots of fun at school — there is hardly a lesson that doesn't have something in it that we are more interested in than the other children in class are, because we've been to Europe, and most of all to Italy.

One of the first things to do at Naples, after you

have pinched yourself and proved that you're not dreaming, is to walk along the shore of that blue, blue bay, with the sunlight making little dancey twinkles on the water. On one side of you is a park, with an aquarium in it, and lots of children playing or being taken care of by their nurses. Some of the nurses look like trained nurses at home, but others look like people in a play. In

the park there are signs that say: 'Help keep your park clean.' And they are one of the things that remind you of Mussolini. He has made the Italians very proud of Italy, so they want it to be as clean and fine as such a wonderful country should be. Hardly anybody begs, now, in Italy, because Mussolini says an Italian should be too proud to beg — and because he has made more jobs for people to work at. And he has got the Italians taking care of the things that belong to them. When we got home, we saw new signs up

in our park that said, 'Please help keep the park clean,' and hardly anybody was paying attention to them.

In Italy they have young men dressed in gray pants, like golf pants, and black shirts — and when it isn't hot they wear gray coats, too — who are called Fascisti Guards. We bought a doll dressed like one of these young men, in Rome. You see these guards on all the trains, and everywhere. And if anybody is not taking care of things that belong to every one, to Italy, the guards make him pay a fine. You can't put your feet on the cushions in the trains; if you do it, you have to pay sixty cents. The guards wear guns and look fierce. But mostly they don't do anything but walk around; and when people see them, they know that they've got to behave. Mussolini thinks that most big people are a lot like children: you have to make them do things right, for a while, and by and by they get in the *habit* of doing that way and you can trust them to go along without so much bossing. Most of the people seem to be awful glad they have Mussolini. You see just about millions of pictures of him, painted in black on the walls of nearly every house in Italy, with letters like this 'VV' and then 'Il Duce.' Those *V*'s mean 'Viva!' or 'Long live!' and 'Il Duce' means 'The Leader' — that's Mussolini.

Everybody gives you the Fascisti salute, sticking the right arm almost straight out in front — only, raised a little — the old salute of the Roman soldiers ages ago, before the time of Christ. And

we always saluted back, the same way. We had lots of fun, especially with the children all along the roads and in the villages.

Well, to get back to that walk in Naples. On one side you have the pretty green park with fine buildings in it, and on the other side, out in the blue bay, there is what used to be a little island, but is connected with the mainland now. The building on it used to be a castle, but it doesn't look much like one now. And before that there was a beautiful house on it and marvellous gardens that belonged to a very rich Roman named Lucullus, who was a great one for giving parties where people ate the most expensive things, like nightingales' tongues. After he died, this island belonged to his brother. And one day Cicero was calling on the brother, when Brutus came, to tell about the murder of Cæsar.

You can't help getting awfully interested in Julius Cæsar, while you're in Italy. He seems to come bobbing up almost everywhere, and we got so we felt quite chummy with him, and were always asking for more and more stories about him. You feel so different about historic people when you hear about them right there where they lived; it makes them seem so *real!*

There's a good deal at Naples about Cæsar's murder. There's another little island in the bay that belonged to Lucullus, and it was there that Brutus and Cassius planned the murder of Cæsar; and when they had done it, Brutus hid there, and it was there that he said good-bye to his wife, whose name was Portia. When she heard that he was dead, she killed herself by swallowing red-hot charcoal. Ow!

You think you are getting pretty far back in history when you begin to see Cicero listening to Brutus tell how Cæsar was stabbed. But the next thing you know, you go back about a thousand years *more.*

The street you are walking along is named Via Partenope. And who do you s'pose it's named for? For a siren. There are some more islands, not in Naples Bay, but that you see when you are taking the Amalfi Drive, where the sirens were supposed to live, and sing, and lure sailors onto the rocks so they could devour them. When Ulysses went past, he made his sailors put wax in their ears, so they couldn't hear the sirens sing. And he had the sailors tie him to the mast, so he couldn't get to the rudder and steer their ship

onto the sirens' shore. The siren that was named Partenope must have got a good look at Ulysses because she fell in love with him, and jumped into the sea and swam after him, all the way to where you're supposed to be taking that walk in Naples.

And there she died, and for a long time there was something on the shore that everybody said was her tomb. So they call the street for her. Your hotel may be on that street — lots of hotels are. And you can hardly imagine a place more beautiful for a hotel to be. There probably isn't any other place in the world where you can wake up in the morning and look (without even getting out of bed) at such a wonderful and famous picture and so many things that are in the greatest stories in the world. If we were fairy godmothers,

we'd give every child in America, and France, and England, and lots of other countries, a wishing-carpet to take them to Via Partenope, and all around Naples, and then up through Italy to the very tip-top of it where the adorable Italian Lakes are.

III. WHERE LOTS OF STORIES HAPPENED

There is a good deal to see in Naples, although the most important things are just outside. We loved the shops, and we bought some things that we think the world of: like little tiny roses carved out of pale pink coral, and a little girl's bracelet made of cameos with famous heads carved on them, and the cutest little Italian shawls — just plain silk ones, with the fringe cut short for us — to wear with our party dresses. When you buy a thing over there, it always makes you think, every time you see it or use it, of the place you got it, and the person who sold it to you, and what you did just after you bought it — and all that. You say to yourself, 'There's my coral rose. Can I ever forget the day I got that? Mr. Sodo told us so many interesting things about coral, and tortoise-shell, and amber, and seed-pearls. And it was that day, right after lunch, that we went out to Little Vesuvius.' And so on. Everything seems to have 'a story to it.' You feel like a story-book *yourself*, before you've been there very long!

IV. OUT WHERE VIRGIL LIVED

Well, it *was* right after we bought our coral roses, and ate lunch, that we went out to Little

Vesuvius. So we may as well tell about that next. Sometimes, when we get talking over that afternoon, we think it is pretty nearly the most wonderful afternoon that anybody can have, ever, anywhere, in a whole lifetime. We can't tell all about it, because there is so much to say; but we can tell some.

First you go to an old, old town called Pozzuoli, that is in the Bible. It is where the ships used to land that were bringing people, and things, to Rome. They called it Puteoli then, and it was a very important place. The war galleys, like those we saw in the movie-picture of 'Ben-Hur,' used to go into another port that we'll tell about in a minute. But the passenger boats and freight boats landed at Puteoli, where there were twenty-five piers; and we pretended that we were there one day ever and ever so long ago (more than eighteen hundred years) when a ship came in with a lot of people who had been months and months on a voyage that now takes about four days. They had been shipwrecked on the island of Malta, and stayed there three months. Then they got on a boat called Castor and Pollux, and sailed to Sicily, and through the straits of Messina where Scylla and Charybdis are, and up to Puteoli. We looked it all up on the map, because one of the people on that boat (there were two hundred and seventy-six altogether) was very important. He was the Apostle Paul, going to Rome, because he was a citizen of the great Roman Empire, to appeal to Cæsar. When you get to Rome, you get awfully interested in Paul, because you go so many places

that he went, and he seems so real to you. You never think about him again as somebody in the Bible, like Isaiah or Jonah or dozens of others. You know there were such people, but you don't expect ever to feel as if you had almost seen and known them, which is the way we got to feel about Saint Paul.

Well, he stayed seven days at Puteoli, and then he started walking up to Rome, on the Appian Way that we were going to get acquainted with very soon. He was a prisoner, you know, and was in charge of a centurion named Julius, who was very kind to him.

There was an amphitheatre (you know! like the Colosseum at Rome) in Puteoli when Paul was there; but it wasn't the one we visited; and, anyway, Paul probably didn't take time for such things. The one we visited was built just a little after Paul's death. They found where the older one used to be when they were digging to lay the tracks for the new electric railway from Naples to Rome.

We went all over the ruins of the newer one; and it interested us even more than the one at Rome. There was such a nice guide, and we were the only visitors, and the guide had the cutest puppy who went with us, and was the 'wild beast' when we explored the dens where they used to keep the lions and tigers. We could see how they let the beasts into the arena, and where they let in great floods of water when they wanted a water-show, with boats in it, and how they could put up a stage for the gladiators to fight on, and do it almost as fast as the helpers work in a circus

nowadays. And the guide lit a kind of torch like miners use, and took us into the spookiest place where Saint Januarius was imprisoned, in the year 305. We liked the story about him; it is a little tiny bit like the story of Androcles and the Lion, which we have loved ever since we were almost babies. The wild beasts wouldn't eat up Januarius, either, but lay down and licked his feet. But he was beheaded, later.

From Puteoli, or Pozzuoli, you go to Solfatara, — which is surely an exciting place to visit. It is all volcanoes! Or all volcan*o*; because it is one huge crater which bubbles and steams and sputters in ever so many places. You walk across it (almost half a mile across, it is!), following your guide like 'follow the leader,' because he knows where the crust is thick enough to stand on, and where you might bust through. And he takes a piece of rock, every little while, and pounds on the crust, so you can hear how thin it is and how hollow underneath. All around you are little holes steaming and spitting, and it smells so strong of sulphur that you may want to hold your nose, but we didn't — we kind of liked it.

Pretty soon you come to what they call Little Vesuvius, where you stand on the edge of a hole maybe ten feet in diameter, and look down into the boiling lava not six feet below you.

You can read about it in books, and study about it in Physical Geography; and of course you have to believe it is true. But when you see it with your own eyes, and smell it with your own nose, you feel different!

Volcano is just a word to you when you live hundreds and thousands of miles from where they have such things. But when you stand on 'ground' that is like a thin pie-crust over a sea of mud boiling (boiling is hardly the word, when it's about ten times boiling heat) and seething, you can understand why the people ages ago thought that Vulcan must be down there, forging the thunderbolts for Jupiter. They couldn't account for all this in any other way.

When any one says Volcano (we wish they'd say Vulcano, and not change it any) to us, after this, we don't have to stretch our imaginations to understand how volcanoes got their name, or what happened to Pompeii when Vesuvius 'boiled over.'

At Little Vesuvius the guide does a very interesting thing: he takes some tightly rolled newspapers, and lights them, making a kind of slow-burning torch. And he waves this near the rim of Little Vesuvius. When he does, Little Vesuvius 'smokes up' like everything, and so do all the big and little steaming holes near by, and —! over across the bay, fifteen miles away, big Vesuvius belches a sudden huge puff! We did it over and over again; it was so thrilling to make big Vesuvius puff harder. Nobody knows why it does this. But if they knew how to do it back in Roman times, you can see how it would make them believe that they were getting Vulcan mad and making him give his bellows a big blow, to scare off teasers.

We pretended he was down there, and we were

teasing him. It was lots of fun. And after you feel you've teased Vulcan, you seem to be real acquainted with him.

We got pieces of sulphur and other kinds of stuff that Vulcan throws up; but we didn't get any lava till we went to Pompeii. Near Little Vesuvius there is a hill that they call Monte Nuovo, or New Mountain, that Vulcan heaved up in one night about four hundred years ago when he was shaking the earth in a 'quake.' And after you pass this hill you come to a lake called Lake Avernus, where the people of ancient times used to think the entrance to the Lower Regions was. It doesn't look 'spooky' now. But there used to be dark forests all around it; and it is pretty deep — more than two hundred feet. Virgil tells

about it in the Æneid, and it is in the Odyssey, too — so Homer must have known about it.

We haven't had Virgil in school yet, of course — not even Julius Cæsar — but when we *do*, he's certainly going to seem *real* to us!

He lived out on the shore between Naples and Puteoli when he was writing the Æneid, and ever so many of the places he wrote about are there, close to where he lived. He was a very interesting man, when you come to know about him; and doesn't seem long ago or far away, at all. He had ideas a lot like Mussolini's, in some ways.

Virgil was born on a farm, like many other great men; and even when he was a very little boy his father could see that he loved the beautiful things in the world about him — the fields and flowers and skies, and all the life of the farm. His father loved those things, too; but he couldn't tell about them, as Virgil could. So the father said his boy must have a good education. And when Virgil was twelve and went away to school, at Cremona, his father went with him. They were the best of chums, and it is no wonder that when he wrote the Æneid Virgil made the loveliest parts

of it about a father and son and how they loved each other.

Most of the people then wanted to be rich, but Virgil didn't — he only wanted to be rich in his mind, and he could enjoy things even better if he didn't have to own them.

Most of the young men he knew wanted to be soldiers and go to foreign lands and have thrills and make conquests, but Virgil didn't — he thought that the most wonderful thing in the world was to be a Roman citizen and to do your part toward making Rome greater by making yourself and other people happy and kind and good.

When he came down to live near Naples, this shore was a lot like it is around Monte Carlo to-day — only grander and gayer, even. But that wasn't why Virgil came. He had lots of good friends among the rich and famous men who had palaces and villas here, and he enjoyed their company. But what he mostly liked around here was the very same things that make us like it so — the *stories* about nearly every place.

When he was writing about Æneas trying to find his father, in the Lower Regions, and wanted to tell about the Sibyl, and the monstrous cave, by the lake's dark wave, he could walk over and *look* at them, and then put them in his book. He could imagine he was there with Ulysses and Æneas, just the way we imagine we are there with *him*.

He was a bachelor, so he didn't have any children to take walking and tell stories to —

which is a pity, we think, because everything that people said about him showed that he was the kind of person that children like best: he knew heaps of wonderful stories, and how to tell them; he liked outdoors, as well as books; he wasn't a bit stuck-up nor hard to understand; he was smart but not smart-y; we feel sure that we would have loved to go walking with him, all around these places; and that he would have loved having us.

Well, we could write about that drive out of Naples for a whole book. But of course we mustn't. There is one more thing, though, that we feel we must tell about — and that is Misenum, which is named for Æneas's trumpeter that he buried there, down at the tip of the cape. The harbor for galleys was made near there while Virgil was taking those walks and making up the Æneid.

We might not have been so interested in galleys if we had not seen the wonderful movie of 'Ben-Hur.' But since we saw it we are awfully interested in them. And when we heard about Pliny being at Misenum when Vesuvius belched all that lava which destroyed Pompeii, and ordering the swiftest galleys out, so he could rescue people and also so he could write about it, we imagined that he looked like the grand old man in the pictures who was also a Roman admiral and who adopted Ben-Hur.

You hear a lot about Pliny (there were two of them) when you get up to Lake Como. So it's nice to get a little bit acquainted with the older one (the uncle) down at Naples. The poor man

was killed, by the heat and the gases, when he got too near Pompeii.

There are ever-so-many stories about Nero, around Naples, and we liked them, too. But the trouble in writing about Italy is that it makes so *many* stories 'come true' that there's never any place to *stop*.

We haven't told you half there is to tell about that one afternoon drive. But, *think* of going out one afternoon and getting acquainted with Saint Paul and Virgil — not to mention any of the others!

As you go back toward Naples, you get a good view of that little island where Brutus and Cassius plotted to kill Cæsar. And also you see where Virgil was buried.

V. POMPEII — AND GLADIATORS

Pompeii is another place that everybody has seen dozens of pictures of. We didn't use to think the pictures looked so awfully interesting, but we liked Pompeii ever so well when we were really there — though not quite so well as Puteoli and Little Vesuvius and Lake Avernus.

The drive out to Pompeii is along the shore in the opposite direction from Naples to Puteoli — or Pozzuoli. You go through one town after another, all strung together so that you can't tell where one leaves off and another begins. It is about sixteen miles to Pompeii, and before you go halfway you come to Herculaneum which is named for Hercules. It was buried at the same time as Pompeii, and many more people were

killed at Herculaneum than at Pompeii. It was a city where many very important and rich people lived, who had beautiful works of art in their grand villas. But it was buried so deep that nobody ever dreamed of digging it out, for hundreds and hundreds of years. Then, after more than sixteen hundred years, when it was forgotten for ages, a prince was building a new villa near there and he needed some marble to crush and make plaster. And the peasants told him that they knew where to get lots of marble, and some of it was in statues. Even then they didn't do much but take some statues out of what had been a theatre. But after a while the King of Naples began to build a villa (which you see as you drive out to Pompeii) and he said to see if they couldn't find *him* some statues. So they dug some more, and pretty soon they found that this must be the place that used to be called Herculaneum. They got out some very beautiful and wonderful things, but they didn't have enough money to dig very far. And, anyway, there were houses built all over the top of the lava and ruins, and nobody wanted his house taken down, or digging done underneath it. So, for years and years, people went on saying that Herculaneum must be full of marvellous things if we could only get them out. And then —! Mussolini said, 'We *must* dig out Herculaneum!' So, just about a week before we were at Naples, the King came down to Naples, and Mussolini came, too, and the King took a little dirt out, where they showed him to dig; and now there are many workmen digging away there,

oh! so carefully. They have to be so careful because they never can tell how many inches away from a priceless statue or vase or painting they may be.

Soon after Herculaneum you come to quite a big town called Torre del Greco which used to be a suburb of Herculaneum. It has been destroyed by lava a lot of times, but always built again. This is where most of the carving on coral is done, and there is a school, supported by the Government, that teaches how to carve coral. This is very interesting to visit. And you can buy a piece after you have seen it carved, if you want to.

From there to Pompeii, there are lots of very fine homes along the way, with lovely gardens. And the road is full of farm carts painted in bright colors and drawn by horsies that are 'all dressed up' with ribbons or feathers or paper flowers.

They call all the horsies 'Macaroni'; and when it gets very hot the horsies wear straw hats, with their ears sticking through. Sometimes the hat has a feather in it. And then —! You have to laugh right out loud; for you see what it *means*, now:

'Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called him Macaroni.'

And also, if you ever heard anybody say 'all dressed up like a horse,' you know, now, where they must have got the idea.

We certainly don't know where to begin telling you about Pompeii. It gives you the queerest

feeling! And it makes you think of so many things!

There were about twenty thousand people in it when the terrible destruction happened. And all but about two thousand got away. Most of those who didn't get away could have escaped, but they were trying to save some of their belongings and so they didn't flee in time.

In that very year when Saint Paul landed at Puteoli and went on up to Rome, there was an earthquake here on the shore of Naples Bay, and the old town of Pompeii was almost all destroyed. It was just nicely built again, and nearly all new, when the eruption came, in the year 79.

Of course it was an awful thing that a whole city (in fact, three whole cities, counting Pompeii and Herculaneum and another place called Stabiæ that we don't hear so much about because its name is changed to Castellamare) should get buried alive, with people in them, and all their great temples and theatres and shops and houses and everything. But it makes you think that

there may be a good side to even the most awful things. For, if Pompeii hadn't been buried, and forgotten, and then uncovered when people knew enough to appreciate it, we wouldn't know hardly a thing about the way people used to live and do business in olden times. Because there are almost no houses or shops of olden times left, anywhere else. They all got destroyed in wars; or else the people took them down to build newer style ones; or they crumbled to pieces and nobody cared.

But Pompeii was a prosperous city, all spick-and-span with new buildings of every kind, when it was snuffed out, on a broiling hot August day. Everything stopped just as people were doing it when they realized what was happening. And it wasn't boiling lava that covered up Pompeii. The lava didn't get quite to Pompeii. What covered it was like a rain of ashes and tiny bits of pumice-stone. These stuck to everything, and they made the bronzes and other metals turn kind of grayish-greenish. So when you see, in the museum at Naples, the bronze statues and things that came from Pompeii and Herculaneum, you can always tell which place they came from by whether they are greenish or black.

We always liked knowing things like this. It made a kind of game for us, seeing who could count the most of one sort or be the first to say where a piece must have come from. And when you've done that a lot of times, you certainly don't forget the difference between Herculaneum and Pompeii. We always did it with the battlements of castles. If the shape of that kind of

square thing on the top of the castle, behind which the warders or watchmen walked, is straight across, it is a Guelf castle, whose owners thought that the Pope should rule Italy; and if it has a notch like a *V* in the middle of it, it is a Ghibelline castle, whose owners thought that the German Emperor should rule Italy. We knew that they were always fighting one another — the Guelfs and Ghibellines — and so when we went riding along through the country, seeing castles, castles, castles everywhere, we'd always look to see which *kind* they were, and how many of each kind we could count; and things like that. Everybody in castle-times, had to 'take sides,' it seems,— judging from the stories of those exciting days — and if you don't remember that, you can't get much good out of the stories.

Well, to go back to Pompeii!

One thing that interested us was that when the earthquake happened, about the time Saint Paul went up to Rome, there were a lot of people who said that the reason the gods shook Pompeii and Herculaneum to pieces was because the young emperor, Nero, wasn't getting after the Christians enough. And that was one reason why he felt that it wouldn't do for him to let Saint Paul and Saint Peter go — why they had to be executed.

After the eruption, when the people who used to live in Pompeii came back to see what they could do about living there again, they must have decided that it couldn't be done. But it seems that they dug down and got quite a few things out. And then, for ages and ages, Pompeii was

forgotten. People couldn't even tell just where it had been. When the workmen were digging here to lay some water pipes, about 1600, they found a few things that belonged to ancient times. But it wasn't until people got excited about the statues the peasants found at Herculaneum that they began saying, 'There was a place called Pompeii, too,' and thinking that maybe it was where those things were found when the water pipes were being laid, one hundred and fifty years before. So then they began to dig here. And they are still digging. The parts they have dug lately, and that you could get in to see only beginning a little while ago, are much more interesting even than the parts that have been uncovered for a good while. Because they know a lot more, now, about how to do it.

And in these new parts you get the most wonderful feeling of how people lived 'way back in the times soon after Christ.

We loved the shops, where they made cloth and shoes and dyed things and mended metal urns and sold wines and olive oil.

There are signs in front of some shops, telling what shows are going to be given soon; and election posters, telling people whom to vote for, and *why*.

Some of the houses had lovely gardens, and these are planted again with the same kinds of flowers they used to have; and the fountains are playing, just as they were on that hot summer day when the terrible eruption came.

Although Pompeii only had twenty thousand

people, it had an amphitheatre big enough to hold them all at one time; and a big theatre that held five thousand was built about four hundred years before Christ, and had tanks so they could have swimming and diving, and plays with boats in, and things like that; and a little theatre that held fifteen hundred, where they had concerts sometimes.

Instead of the kind of tickets we have now, they used to get a bone or metal thing that could be used over and over again — not by the person, but by the theatre. You bought a certain kind of seat, and the little entrance-thing you got showed the door-man (who took it from you) what kind of seat you had. If you didn't pay, but got in on a 'pass,' the thing they gave you was a little *skull*. And that is where we got the expression that people who don't pay are 'dead heads.' You can see some of those skulls in the Naples Museum.

One of the saddest places in Pompeii is where they found the skeletons of the sixty-three gladiators, many of them chained so they couldn't get away.

Of course that makes you want to ask a lot of questions about gladiators that you hear so much about. And you find out that most of them were prisoners of war, or slaves, or criminals condemned to death. At first, only brigands and murderers were sent to the Arena; but by and by, when they needed more men for these fights, they would send a man there for stealing some little thing. Then, besides these, there were men of good family who were bankrupt, who had squan-

dered all their money and became gladiators so they could either be killed or become a great idol. If a gladiator was very successful in killing the men who fought against him, he was just as popular as a great bull-fighter is to-day, or a champion prize-fighter. He was loaded with jewels, his portrait was put on lamps and vases and carved in cameos, the ladies made a great fuss over him; and if the people wanted him to be set free, they could wave or shout for him or in some way show that they felt he had earned his freedom. And if they wanted him killed, you know they turned their thumbs down. When there were emperors, of course *they* had 'the say.'

Gladiators were trained in regular schools for arena fighting. Probably they were — most of them — dangerous men who might have been terrible if they were loose, and got to killing people. But it was an awful thing to be chained up till you were let loose to kill or be killed.

The gladiators' training quarters at Pompeii were beside the big theatre, and there they found the sixty-three skeletons. (There was an old Greek play given for the King of Italy in that theatre just before we saw it.) The war of the gladiators, that Spartacus led, started at Capua, not so very far from here, on the Appian Way leading to Rome; and it was in the crater of Vesuvius that they hid when they had escaped from their training quarters. That was about seventy-two years or so before Christ, or more than one hundred and fifty years before Pompeii was destroyed. And you could imagine these

sixty-three gladiators, and others who were here at that time, looking up at Vesuvius and thinking of Spartacus. The Arena at Pompeii was one of the very first there were, but they weren't using it at the time of the eruption — and hadn't for twenty years before, because there was a *general* fight there, and it was closed for ten years. Then came the earthquake, and it wasn't restored. So the gladiators who were chained, and died, fought in the big theatre.

Oh, there's such a *lot* to tell about at Pompeii! We can't even begin on it. But we must say a little about the paintings in the houses. The ones we liked best were the cunning little cupids in the banquet room of the House of the Vettii. We saw a painter making copies of these, and we wanted to buy one — but didn't. Now, we wish we had.

Of course we wanted to see the House of the Faun, because we have played with a little bronze of the Dancing Faun ever since we can remember. We have played with a lot of other little bronze statues that we knew we were going to see the originals of some day when we got to Italy. We have the Discobolus, or Discus-Thrower, and the Boy with the Thorn, and the Dying Gaul, and the Apollo Belvedere, and other ancient ones; and then some made when people learned again how to make beautiful sculpture: Michelangelo's 'David,' and Verrocchio's and Donatello's; and a few more like that. Bronzes are things that children can play with all they want to, without hurting them.

We like fauns, and we love dancing, and we were ever so glad to see where the Dancing Faun used to be, before we saw him in the museum at Naples. The wonderful mosaic about Alexander the Great — that's also in the Naples Museum — was found here, too.

In the Pompeii Museum, which is near the entrance, the thing that made us feel saddest was the doggie that was chained and couldn't get away when the clouds of hot ashes came.

We bought a cameo bracelet made of lava, and a lovely inlaid wood box with Pompeiian pictures in it, in the shop that's outside the gates.

We were sorry to leave Pompeii; there is so much to see. But if you stay too long, you get awfully tired. So it is better to see a little that you can remember than a lot that gets all mixed up in your mind.

VI. WHERE THE PIRATES USED TO COME

After you leave Pompeii, you usually go on what they call the Amalfi Drive, which is one of the most famous drives in the world. There are two places that most people choose between for the night that nearly everybody spends out of Naples while making this drive. One place is Amalfi, where you sleep in a monk's cell in the old monastery of the Capuchin monks. And the other place is Ravello, much higher up even than Amalfi, where there is a perfectly darling little boarding-house-hotel called the Belvedere, kept by the dearest old gentleman named Caruso, who makes you feel, in a minute, as if you had known

him nearly always. We loved it up there. He has such a nice daughter, too; and two sons. His youngest son has learned to paint just from watching the painters who stay there because there are so many pictures to paint all around Ravello; and just before we were at Ravello, this young boy, only seventeen, had an exhibition of his paintings in Naples, when the King went there to start the new digging at Herculaneum. And the King bought two of the pictures. Papa Caruso gave us a little picture painted by his son, all framed and everything. We are sure that some day when we are grown up we shall be telling people how we happened to get one of Caruso's early paintings, before he got so famous; and that they'll think we were awfully lucky. *Anyway*, after all the lovely stories you hear about the Italian painters of long ago, and how wonderful they were when they were boys, it's fine to know one who's alive to-day and trying to be great, too.

And Ravello is one of the most beautiful and story-book-y places any one could wish to see. The little old, old town is ever so interesting; and from Mr. Caruso's pergola, under the grapevines (he said we must come in autumn, next time, and watch him make wine), you look out to sea and pretend you're looking for pirates; and then you turn around, and look down into the deepest valley, all green with vines and lemon trees and scattered over with wee villages, and threaded with little winding paths.

It seems as if you see just about millions of lemons growing, on the Amalfi Drive. And some

oranges, but not so many. And you see hundreds of yards of macaroni hung out, like washing, to dry and get hard in the sun. And the most picture-book-y villages.

But what interested us the most of all was the old watch-towers by the sea, where they used to keep a lookout for pirates from the east.

Once, in one of these towns, there was a young nun who got so tired of the long days, with

nothing happening in them, that she rang the bell that meant the pirates were coming. And everybody grabbed what they could, and ran for safety to the castle. And she had a little excitement at last. But when no pirates came, the people were mad at being frightened for nothing. So, one day when the bell rang again, nobody ran. They said: 'It's probably that naughty little nun again.' And the pirates really came, that time, and killed everybody — the little nun, too. It was just like the boy who cried 'Wolf! Wolf!'

If you've read dozens of stories about pirates, you can't help getting excited when you know you're right where lots of pirates used to be. And in some of the old watch-towers there are people living, now.

When you get to the place where the drive leaves the shore and turns in to go to Sorrento, you are just about opposite the little tiny islands where the sirens used to sing.

Sorrento is on the shore, too — but facing Naples, on the opposite side of Naples Bay; and the Amalfi Drive is on the Gulf of Salerno.

You can stay all night at Sorrento, and get the boat for Capri from there in the morning. And at night, in the courtyard of the Tramontana Hotel, they have dancers and singers in pretty Italian costumes come in and dance the tarantella and

sing the songs like 'Cirri birri bi' and 'Funicoli, Funicola,' and 'Maria Mari' and 'Sole Mio' and 'Santa Lucia.' It is just like a play, or opera; and very romantic — especially when the wistaria is in bloom. You can hardly believe how wonderful it is, and how you feel to be right there in the midst of it all.

The island called Capri is a place you'd like to stay for a long time and go on an exploring expedition every day. The things you'd find might not be the ones that grown-up explorers would think were important; but they'd be awfully important to you, whether you 'pretended' them or they were really true.

We think that everything about Naples and all this shore is very, very wonderful for children, and that a child who could spend a lot of time around here, just soaking things up and poking and 'pretending,' would be one of the luckiest children in the world. And there are so many perfectly beautiful places to stay, all around here, that we don't see why parents don't come over and bring children for fine long stays. Think what school means when you go back to it after you've been to all these places that most of your school studies are *about!*

There's a lot to tell about Capri — enough to make a book by itself — but we can tell only a couple of things, here. One is that the Roman Emperor Tiberius, who was the second Emperor (unless you count Julius Cæsar, who wasn't really one, but was killed so he couldn't be), was living here when he got, among a lot of reports about

what was going on in his huge empire, one from the Roman Governor of Judea who said that in his province there had been crucified a Jew named Jesus, convicted for having said that he was a King.

That gives you a strange feeling, and makes you think a lot.

The other thing is the Blue Grotto, which you have to enter through a teeny hole just big enough for a rowboat to slip in if the water isn't too high. You have to lie down flat in the boat, and the boatman grabs hold of a chain and pulls the boat inside the grotto. It's a big cavern, when you get through the hole, that a lot of boats can row around in at the same time. And the light is all blue and silvery. It makes you think of Maeterlinck and 'The Blue Bird' and those Azure Halls where the children stay who are waiting to be born. We used to be specially interested in that part of the story.

We never can forget how mad we were when the last part of that story was read to us (before we could read for ourselves) and the children woke up in bed, and it was all a *dream*. We almost cried! And when 'Peter Pan' was bought for us, with those adorable Arthur Rackham pictures that we afterwards got to love so dearly, we said: 'If it's another of those stories where they wake up and find it was all a *dream*, don't start reading it!' We just *hate* finding out that lovely stories are not true. That's why we thought of writing our book this way. Because nothing in all the many, many kinds of happiness we had in Europe

made us happier than finding how many of our favorite stories are *true*, and knowing that we were right there where they happened.

After you've seen the Blue Grotto, you don't believe that Tityl and Mityl were in bed all the time. You think that Maeterlinck must have *said* they were because he was afraid nobody would believe him if he said all their adventures were in real places and they really went there. But we think we've been where even the fairy tales 'come true.'

Well, to get back to Naples, so we can get on to Rome (not because we want to leave Naples — we cried a little, when we had to go; not out loud, you know, but tears like you shed when you're sad to go away):

We ought to tell you about the castle at Naples where the skeletons are, in the cellar, one of them with her head cut off. And about the Aquarium, which isn't so interesting now as the one at Monaco — or, at least, that's the way we thought.

But leaving off is just as hard as knowing where to begin and this is a pretty long chapter.

We have to take a little more space, though, to tell you that we thought the Naples Museum was very, very interesting — especially those rooms where the things are that came from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

CHAPTER II

WONDERFUL ROME

I. 'SHOW ME THE WAY TO ROME!'

We didn't think we were going to be so wild about Rome. We felt sure it couldn't have as many stories to it as Naples has; and we were afraid it would have too many ruins and churches and art galleries and things like that. And there wouldn't be any seashore, and maybe no place to play.

We certainly had plenty of wrong ideas about Rome! We never had more fun, anywhere; and it's *full* of stories; and the height of our ambition, now, is to get back to Rome to spend a whole winter, and go to school there. We made up a song, with new words to the tune of 'Show me the way to go home,' only *we* say 'Show me the way to Rome.'

We got there on a Saturday evening about seven, and we were still kind of mourning for Naples and a little bit mad at Rome because we had to go there. And as we drove through the streets to our hotel, we decided that it looked a lot like *any* city. Then, when we stopped at the front door of our hotel, right on the street-car tracks, and thought of the lovely gardens in front of our hotel at Naples, and the wonderful blue bay, and Vesuvius, we felt sorrier than ever for ourselves.

There wasn't time to do much except get cleaned up for dinner. But it was nice to find ever

and ever so many lovely pink roses in our room, and of course we 'explored' enough to find out that we had a balcony we could go out on, and that it was above a garden.

After dinner we stepped into the garden, but we couldn't see much of it; and pretty soon we went to bed.

Sunday morning it was beautiful; and as soon as we could get dressed we went down to investigate that garden.

It was wonderful! Not a 'yard,' such as we have at home, but a great big place you could get *lost* in! It runs up a hill that's called the Pincio, where very rich people used to have villas in very olden times — before Christ was born. And that hillside has terraces on it, and the garden is full of tall old trees, like cypresses which grow so straight and high and pointed, and of fountains and waterfalls and queer old statues, and ever so many kinds of flowers. You could pretend *any*thing there! You can hide, and nobody can find you. There are grottoes and hedges; there are little arbors with tables and chairs in them, where you can play house. There are goldfishes and turtles in the fountains, and puss-cats playing all about, and some of the jolliest dogs we ever met. There is a part where flowers grow to pick for the hotel, and a part where some vegetables grow. And we helped Mr. Rota, who manages this hotel and a lot of others, plant cantaloupe seeds, so that when we go back there we can have Rocky Fords for breakfast. Also, we used to help the boys who were cutting roses to put in the hotel.

We could soon see that there was going to be a place to play, in Rome! My! but we do love that garden. And when anybody says 'Rome' to us, we don't think of ruins hardly at all, or of

churches, or museums. We think of gardens (ours and a lot of others that we got to know), and lovely drives in the country, and going swimming at Ostia, and things like *that.*

Of course, if you're a 'good pretender,' you can 'pretend' almost *any* place. But there's no denying that you can do it very differently when you're in places that are just *full* of stories, and of nooks and crannies that *must* be spooky.

There's a lot about Nero, on that hill our garden is on. A woman who lived on that hill once, and was put to death there by her own husband's orders (he was the Emperor, Nero's uncle), was so wicked that her name has got to be a kind of other word for a terrible woman: Messalina. She was only twenty-six when her husband had her killed; and she had a little girl and boy. The little girl married her cousin, Nero. And Nero was buried at the foot of the Pincio (not in our garden, but near by) after he had killed himself so the executioners that were chasing him couldn't get him. For a thousand years after he died, people believed that demons haunted the spot where his body lay. Then a pope built a church there, to scare the demons away. When you play in a garden with 'spooks' like that, you can certainly get grand thrillers out of it.

We hated to leave our garden, that first morning in Rome. We always hated to leave it. But of course it was always there to go *back* to. That was *one* comfort.

II. SAINT PETER'S

That morning, we went over to Saint Peter's, and walked around and around. They were having mass in several different chapels, but you'd never even know it unless maybe you'd hear a bell ring, now and then. All the main part of the church was nearly empty, except that a few people like us were walking about. Nothing that anybody can tell you helps you to realize how immense it is.

Saint Peter is buried under the great dome. He was crucified close by here, in a big circus that Nero's uncle built, and at the foot of the obelisk that stands out in the piazza, or square, now. The obelisk used to stand on the long thing that ran down the middle of the circus and divided it in two tracks — the thing they called a *spina*. There is a picture of his crucifixion, painted by Giotto, in the church. There were lots of Christians put to death in that circus — some were crucified, some were thrown to the beasts, and some were set up as living torches and slowly burned to death. Saint Peter was crucified, with his head down. They dragged his body a little way, and buried it; and only a few people knew where it was. Then, about three hundred years afterwards, there was a church built over the place.

The obelisk stood, for hundreds and hundreds of years, just where it was when Saint Peter was crucified beside it. And then they moved it (not so very far) to where it is now. It was a job to get it moved and set up again; and crowds of people

stood around, looking on, the way they do now when a great big steel girder is being hoisted up in the air, or a huge steel safe. The men who were working at the obelisk must have been very nervous, or something, because the crowd was warned that nobody must speak — if they did, they'd be put in prison. Then the ropes began to creak and strain, and they were just about going to snap and let the great stone fall, when a sailor in the crowd hollered out, 'Wet your ropes!' and they did; they threw water on the ropes, so they didn't snap — and up went the obelisk. Instead of sending the sailor to jail, they gave him money, and when they found out that he came from Bordighera, on the Riviera, where the palms grow very fine and plentiful, they said that he and his family forever and ever could furnish the palms for Palm Sunday. So they still do it.

If you have read 'Quo Vadis' or seen the movie of it, you feel as if you had almost lived in Rome when Saint Peter was there. Out on the Appian Way there is the little chapel built over the place where, according to the story, Saint Peter when he was running away from Rome, met Jesus coming up the road toward Rome. Peter said, 'Domine, quo vadis,' which means, 'Master, where are you going?' And Jesus answered that he was going to Rome to suffer crucifixion again, since Peter was unwilling to die for him. So Peter was ashamed, and went back. There is a piece of white marble with the print of feet right in the marble, which we saw out at the church of Saint Sebastian, that is believed to be the print of

Christ's feet, made where the Quo Vadis chapel now stands.

We went to the church of Saint Sebastian, though we didn't go to many churches, because the things they are finding there now, in the catacombs which they are still digging out, are so very interesting, and prove that the bodies of

Saint Peter and Saint Paul must have been hid there for a couple of hundred years or so, and that many, many Christians were buried there so they could rest near the bodies of the two saints.

There is a very nice Franciscan friar there who knows a lot about the digging, because he has directed most of it. He talks English, and he took us down, down, down, and told us such interesting things about the early Christians and also about making these excavations and finding out so many important historical facts. We think it is thrilling to see and talk to people who are actually doing things like that.

There is a lot to see at Saint Peter's Church; but we didn't try to take in much of it. We were really more interested in the cunning little teeny-weenies of children who came in, and looked around them so wonderingly. Even the littlest scraps of girls, that can hardly do more than toddle, cover their heads with handkerchiefs when they come into the church. And when they get in front of the candles blazing before an altar, or in front of one of the perfectly tremendous figures, like Saint Veronica, they look too darling for words — so tiny and so full of wonder.

We saw several wee, wee ones, all in white, with white veils, get out of a cab at the Vatican door, and go up the great steps, past the Swiss Guards walking up and down with their great long pikes, and disappear inside the vast Vatican Palace, accompanied by their proud mammas. We hoped they saw the Pope; and we didn't see how he could help thinking they were darlings.

When you first see a Swiss Guard, your eyes nearly pop right out. You think you must be dreaming. Their costumes of blue and yellow, as gay as a Brazil parrot, are exactly the same as they have been for nearly four hundred years; and they carry long pikes and wear steel helmets, and look like people in a play or opera. We bought a doll that is dressed like a Swiss Guard.

When you get to Lucerne and see that wonderful Lion, which is a monument to the Swiss Guards who died trying to protect Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, you have a different kind of feeling about them. In Rome, you can hardly take them seriously, because they look like the chorus men in an opera.

The reason that so many kings and popes have had Swiss Guards is because the Swiss don't take sides in scraps or politics of other countries, so they couldn't be bribed or talked-over by enemies of the one they were guarding. Nobody has them now, except the Pope.

We didn't see the Pope. But we saw a good deal of the Vatican, and the gardens where the Pope drives around, or walks if he wants to. He never goes outside of the Vatican and Saint Peter's and the gardens. Because, he used to be the head of everything in Rome and lots of other places in Italy, and when Italy got a king, and became all one country instead of a lot of separate little states, the King was the head of the government, and the Pope was only the head of the Church. The Pope didn't think that was right, or that the head of the Church, which is God's Kingdom, should ever be below the head of any mere earthly kingdom. So he stays in that little section of Rome where he is supreme sovereign, and never goes in any other part where he would be subject to the King and his laws. It isn't that the Pope would wish to break any of the King's laws; but he thinks it isn't dignified for the head of God's Kingdom to go anywhere that he isn't the highest there is.

When the Cardinals go into the Sistine Chapel to elect a new pope (after a pope has died), there is one of them who will never go out of the Vatican again — the one who is elected. We couldn't help wondering how that one feels when he learns that he's *the* one. We talked 'specially about Pope Pius X, who was what's called the Patriarch of Venice, and who loved Venice so, and was so homesick for it. And the present Pope, who lived a long time at Milan and could go to the heavenly Italian Lakes whenever he wanted to, and climb mountains — which he loved to do. We looked up at the windows of his bedroom, which you can see when you're standing down by Saint Peter's obelisk, and felt pretty sure that there must be lots of times when he'd be glad to give up all his Swiss Guards and his great palace, and everything, for one more glimpse of those lakes and the Alps, one more day in the library at Milan where he knew and loved all the precious old books so well.

When you begin to be sorry for people, and not afraid of them, you begin to feel quite near to them. And the way-high-up people nearly always have a lot about them that you have to be sorry for. We were sorry for the popes who must get homesick.

After we left Saint Peter's, that Sunday, toward noon, we passed by the house where Raphael died — when he was only thirty-seven. We know how he looked — we've seen so many pictures of him — and we could imagine him up in that house, dying of fever, on Good Friday,

while the greatest men in Rome tiptoed in and out, with sad faces, telling one another what a terrible pity it was; and in the streets, outside, crowds of people knelt and wept and prayed.

Everybody loved him. He never got 'spoiled'; he never hurt other people's feelings, like Michelangelo did; he never got jealous, as nearly all the other artists did; he was gentle and kind and generous; and people just about worshipped his pictures — they were so beautiful. He painted many of the loveliest and most famous of his pictures there, in that house; including the Sistine Madonna, and the Transfiguration — which he was working at when he had to lay down his brushes forever. You can buy a colored postcard picture, in Rome, of Raphael dying. You can't help feeling sad, when you go past that house. But you have to think, too, how wonderful it was that in thirty-seven years a man could do so much to make the world more beautiful forever afterwards.

We went, on another day, to the Pantheon where Raphael is buried — Raphael and the two Kings of Italy who are dead.

III. CASTEL SAINT ANGELO

Quite near to Saint Peter's is a building that everybody in the world has seen dozens of pictures of. It is called Castel Saint Angelo, and is round — perfectly huge, and round, and high up on the tipmost top of it is a figure of Saint Michael.

Sunday is a 'free' day for visiting the castle, and there are crowds in it. But it is an interesting

day to go, because so many of the people there are peasants who have come in from the country to see the 'sights' of Rome, and lots of them wear their picturesque costumes; or parts of them, anyway.

This wasn't built for a castle; it was built for a tomb for the Emperor Hadrian — the one who built the great Villa out near Tivoli — and other emperors after him. Emperors were buried in it for about eighty years. In those days there was earth up on top, all planted — like a hill — with tall cypress trees growing on it.

After a while, the popes took it for a castle because it was so strongly built; and lots of them

had to run to it for safety, and stay there and be besieged.

It has dungeons, in which many celebrated people have been imprisoned. The one you think most about is Beatrice Cenci, a beautiful young girl whose imaginary picture you are always seeing in Rome. But she wasn't really imprisoned there, though so many books say she was; and the picture that everybody calls Beatrice Cenci wasn't painted until some time after she died, and by a painter who never saw her. What you *can* 'see,' though (if you know how to see things that once upon a time were), is the crowd that gathered, just across the river from the castle, on a lovely May morning in 1599, to see Beatrice and her stepmother and one of her brothers beheaded for murdering the terrible old ogre, Beatrice's father. Everybody felt so sorry for them.

There are lots of rooms in the castle that you can visit. But what we liked best was the battlements, where you can walk round and round, looking out over Rome in every direction. It is perfectly thrilling, up there, especially if you go with somebody who can point out places and tell you stories about what happened there. And you can pretend that the castle is being besieged, and you have to be very careful not to let yourself be seen by the enemy, or — *ping!*

When we left the castle, we drove up on the Pincio and in the beautiful park whose new name is Villa Umberto (for the father of the present King), but nearly everybody calls it by its old

name of Villa Borghese. There is a fine zoo in this park, and lots of statues of famous people, and splendid trees and fountains and flowers, and views of Rome — because it is high up. We went there a good deal. There are museums and art galleries in it, too. But we didn't go in any of them. The next time we go to Rome, we are going to the Etruscan Museum in the palace that's called Villa di Papa Giulio, or Villa of Pope Julius. We didn't begin to get interested in the Etruscans until just after we left Rome, and visited some Etruscan towns.

What we liked, that first day, was the marionette show, and the soldiers and children who were watching it. We stayed there till we got hungry and went down the hill to lunch — and to play in our own wonderful garden.

IV. A WONDERFUL AFTERNOON IN ROME

About four o'clock, we started out again, after a couple of hours' romp in the garden with two dogs. One dog lives there, and the other, who was a visitor at the hotel, was the older dog's son. We don't know if they realized what relation they were; but the papa dog was certainly not very nice to the sonny dog. He was awfully jealous, and didn't seem to want him there at all.

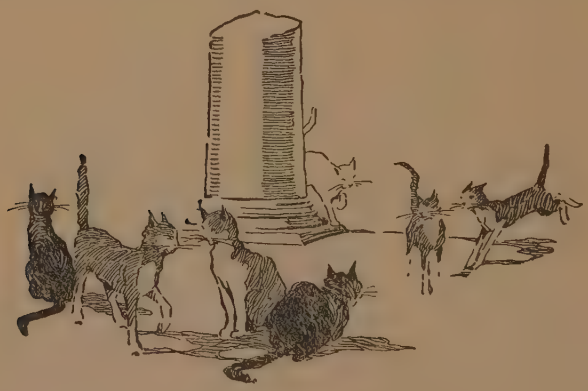
When we started driving, we went down our street which has trolley cars on it and doesn't look a bit like you'd think ancient Rome would be (but you have to remember that Rome has been going on and on for much more than twenty-six hundred years, and there is some left of nearly all the olden times and not-so-olden times, but most of what you see is *not-so-olden*), till we came to a place that probably everybody in the world has got a postcard picture of, at least once in a lifetime: the Piazza di Spagna, with the very famous Spanish Stairs going up out of it toward the Pincio. There are lots of flower-sellers always around the foot of these stairs, and people who had picturesque costumes, and worked as artists' models, used to sit around there waiting for the painters to come by and hire them. But they don't do it much now. The steps and piazza are called Spanish because they are near the palace where the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican lives.

We were around there a lot, afterwards; but that first day in Rome we just drove by, and had that excited feeling you have when you're at last

seeing a thing you've seen pictures of and heard about, for years.

We didn't try to know what *this* was, and *that* was, as we drove along. We knew we'd find out about some of them, as time went on — a few of them on this visit, and more of them on other visits.

One place we couldn't help getting acquainted with right away was the Forum of Trajan — not the Forum you hear so much about, but another one not nearly so old or so famous — because it is just about full of puss-cats. The puss-cats of Rome, who don't belong to anybody in particular,



live in that Forum, among the ruins and the weeds, and they seem to have a pretty good time, though they fight a good deal and don't always have too much to eat. We wished we could take some saucers of nice creamy milk down there, and give them a grand treat. We didn't do it, but

we've made up our minds we will next time. There's an awfully interesting restaurant right there, in one of the old buildings of the Forum, and we're going to ask the waiter to sell us some saucers of milk for the puss-cats. You never saw so many cats all at once, in your life. And you have to laugh to see them skipping around there as if they owned that place where emperors and great men used to walk around, and talk. In the middle of this Forum is the great Column of Trajan that is copied in the Vendôme Column in Paris.

After that, we drove past the huge monument to Victor Emmanuele II, grandfather of the present King. (This is where Italy's 'Unknown Soldier' is buried.) It is dazzling white marble, and gold bronze, and must surely be the biggest monument on earth. Some people don't like it because it is so white and new, standing up against the Capitoline Hill that is so very, very old. But when you remember that Victor Emmanuele II was the first King of the New Italy, that grew out of all the old Italys, and think that Italy isn't just a graveyard of olden times but a very wonderful modern nation as well, you hope that monument will stay white and dazzling and new-looking until there is an even finer and newer Italy that needs a whiter and shininger monument to remind people of it.

Lots of people would like Italy to stay all tumbled-down so when they visit it, it would remind them of nothing but once-upon-a-time. But, of course, that's selfish and silly. Having

great things behind you doesn't help you much unless they make you put great things around you and work to have great things in front of you — whether you are a person or a country. Italy feels that, because she has been great for so long, she has to be *very* great now. And you don't understand things, over there, unless you remember this.

We drove alongside the great Forum, and didn't stop. We could see that it looks just like its pictures, which we have at home and in our schoolbooks and in big pictures at school. It didn't look as if it would be very interesting — just pieces of this and pieces of that. But we looked to see where, at a corner just outside the Forum, there is that old, old prison which is probably the oldest thing in Rome. Some people call it the Tullianum, and some call it the Mamertine. Many famous people were prisoners in it; and some say that Saint Peter and Saint Paul were. We were going to see where Saint Paul was beheaded, so we thought we'd go there *from* this prison; because maybe that was the way he went. We didn't go into the prison, then, but went on, past the Colosseum (which also looks exactly like its pictures, only bigger, even, than you expect it to be), and down a beautiful avenue, past the Arch of Constantine, under grand old trees; and past where the Circus Maximus used to be, that two hundred thousand people could get in at one time, to watch the races; they are going to dig it out, pretty soon; there are gas-works on it, now.

If Saint Paul came down this way (as it is said,

he did) to his execution, he could look up, on one side, to where the house of Priscilla and Aquila was, his friends who had entertained him, sometimes. He tells about them in the Bible.

As you go down that way, you see quite a big piece of the second-oldest Roman wall, built about seven hundred years before Christ, by the second King after Romulus. He was one of those wonderful Etruscans that we were just beginning to get so interested in. And this wall, which was more than thirty-three feet high and about six miles around, was the wall of Rome for nine hundred years or so. The Appian Way began just outside of it; so this must have been the way Saint Paul first came into Rome, as well as the way he last went out of it. After quite a long while you come to the next-oldest wall, with a gate in it that's called the Saint Paul Gate; but they weren't there in Saint Paul's day. He was outside the city from the time he passed by the end of the Circus Maximus. The newer wall is very picturesque, though, and so is the gate they call Saint Paul's.

Outside it is the road to Ostia, where we afterwards went swimming and which used to be the port of Rome, on the Mediterranean, thirteen miles from the city.

The soldiers who were taking Paul to execution made him walk, and walk, for three or four miles beyond the city. And then they bound him to a broken pillar of stone, and cut off his head. You see that pillar in a church that is one of three where the execution took place. They say

that his head bounded three times, when it was struck off; and each place it touched, a spring of water welled up. That is why they call the place Tre Fontane, or Three Fountains. The fountains are in one of the three churches.

Then we went back toward the Saint Paul Gate, and stopped at the magnificent church that is built over the spot where a kind lady let Paul be buried. The church is next to Saint Peter's in size, but we thought it was very *much* more beautiful — oh, *very* much! The location isn't one where such a big church is needed; they hardly ever use any of it except a little bit way up behind the high altar. But we thought it gave us a grand idea of the way some of the buildings in ancient Rome must have looked — with all those dozens of gray marble columns, and the court in front that's called an *atrium*, that we began to know about when we were at Pompeii. And you hardly ever see a marvellous great church, anywhere else, that you can stand in front of and look down to the banks of a river so famous as the Tiber.

On the way back, just after we got inside the Saint Paul Gate, we went to the beautiful Protestant Cemetery, where Keats and Shelley are buried, and which is one of the peacefullest spots you could possibly imagine. We stood there under the fine old trees, while the birdies were twittering all around us and the sunshine was making little flecks of gold on the grass, and talked about these young Englishmen who wrote such very, very beautiful things — as beautiful as the things

Raphael painted — and it was one of those times that you remember, as long as you live; and every time you think about them, you want to be better than you've been before, and do fine things too, like *they* did.

V. WHERE HORATIUS KEPT THE BRIDGE

When you leave that cemetery and go toward the river, you pass quite close to a place where there is the most famous peep-hole in the world. The Knights of Malta, that you read about in stories of the Crusades, have a lovely old garden there, close to the river, and in the garden there's an avenue of splendid trees that you can look down and see the dome of Saint Peter's Church right in the centre, but a long way off. They let people visit the garden on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Other days, so people won't be too disappointed not to see that view, they leave the key out of the keyhole in the garden door, and you can peek through and see almost better than if you were inside.

Then you go along the river-bank and pretty soon you come to an old church on the outside of which there is a marble face with its mouth wide open. People used to believe that if some one swore a thing was true and others didn't believe him, the thing to do was to take him to that church and make him put his hand in the open mouth, and if he was lying, the jaws would shut on his hand. Of course we wanted to know if they ever shut! But nobody could tell us.

Right near there is where the famous old

sewer called the Cloaca Maxima empties into the Tiber. It was built six centuries before Christ, and is still in use! Not far from there is the spot where Romulus and Remus are supposed to have been found by Faustulus the shepherd. And that old sewer was brand-new when Horatius, at the bridge that was beside it, held Lars Porsena at bay.

How well we can remember when we began hearing about Horatius, before either of us could read. We found 'The Lays of Ancient Rome' in the library at home, and liked the pictures; so of course we said, 'Tell about it.' We couldn't have understood what any of it was about, but we liked it, for reasons of our own that we can't remember now. Maybe because it rhymes so much and has short lines, and makes a nice kind of thing to say over and over. Anyway, the younger of us, the one that's called 'Sisser' in the family, used to run around with that book, looking for some one to read it to her. And when big folks would tease her about her 'Lays of Ancient Rome' she would get awfully dignified and try to make them see that she was really quite grown-up. She'd say: 'I think it's very inter-*est*-ing!'

And now, here we were — right where those things happened!

There's an island in the Tiber, there; and the bridge that takes you onto it is the oldest one in Rome now — it was built when Julius Cæsar lived in Rome.

It was getting on toward sunset, by this time, and we drove on, across the river, and up onto the

hill that's called the Janiculum, where there are beautiful promenades, with trees and fountains and flowers, and wonderful views of Rome. And there is a huge statue of Garibaldi on horseback.

He was a great soldier and patriot who helped to make Italy into a united country, a kingdom; and just about everywhere you go in Italy you find monuments to him and streets and squares named for him. The Italians just adore him.

We liked it up there, looking all over Rome, and then watching the children playing on the

terraces — the children who must make the Rome of to-morrow, as their parents are making the very wonderful Rome of to-day.

When we got home to our own garden and our delicious dinner, we felt that it had been one of the most marvellous days two little girls ever had.

VI. EVERY DAY WAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF HAPPY DAY

The next day was entirely different. In the morning we went into shops — the most interesting *little* shops you can imagine — and nearly always we could see them making the things they sold. We saw an old woman weaving silk, in the shop where we got our Swiss Guard doll. And in another shop we saw a man making Roman pearls.

And after lunch, and more fun in our own garden, we drove out to Tivoli and played all afternoon in the gardens of Villa d'Este that are very, very famous. They are on the side of a hill, and are all up and down stairs, and have hundreds of little waterfalls and some big ones; and more pools and fountains and grottoes than you could count; and huge cypress trees like giants. Some of the pools have ducks on them.

We didn't care much about what used to be, in that garden — although it was made for a son of Lucrezia Borgia. He was a Cardinal, and not very interesting. And it seems that even Lucrezia wasn't as terrible as people used to think she was. Anyway, she was never in that garden. So we didn't 'pretend' about real people there;

we could make up anybody we liked. And we played up and down just about every inch of it, sailing leaves down the waterfalls beside the stairs, and doing heaps of things that were fun.

We can see that there won't be nearly enough space to tell you all we did in Rome, nor all that you can do and see there. We'll have to pick out just a few of the things. And the most important is the Forum — that we thought we were not going to care much about.

We went there in the afternoon, when it was nearly five o'clock. It was almost the end of May and there were ever so many wild flowers, and ferns, and other lovely things growing among the ruins. We had no idea it would be so nice down there. You see, the Forum is quite a way below the street level of Rome to-day, because, as the centuries went by, people kind of built on top of more and more dirt that accumulated. So you go down a good many steps into the Forum. But as it's all open to the sky, it isn't anything like going down in Herculaneum, or places like that.

If you tried to know all about the Forum it would take you all your life, and even *then* there'd be a lot you hadn't found out. So we decided we wouldn't try to learn more than one or two things on this visit; and maybe we could learn one or two more each time we came back to Rome.

Nannie said we'd see what seemed to interest us the most, and then we'd try to get better acquainted with that. That was the way we always did, everywhere. It was just like when you are looking through a book of pictures. Some of them have things in that you want to ask about; and then there are others that you hardly notice. The next time you look through those pictures, the

ones you hardly noticed before may be the ones you stop and look at the longest.

The Forum is on low ground that lies between the Palatine Hill (where Romulus started Rome and where there were, later, so many grand houses that that's where we got the words 'palatial' and 'palace' from) and the Capitoline. At first, there were Sabines (Tivoli is in the Sabine Hills) on that hill across the little valley from Romulus. But after Romulus died (or disappeared — some used to believe that he went away to become a god), the next King of Rome was a Sabine. And as the hill called the Capitoline was small, and had almost straight up-and-down sides everywhere except where it sloped toward the Forum, it was chosen as the *head* of the government, and called *caput*, which means head. And ever since, the place where the government is has been called the capital of the state or country, and we call our building where Congress meets, the 'Capitol,' and the city it is in, the 'Capital.'

One of the first things that interested us was the names of those hills, and the way we use them to-day.

Then, as we stood down in the Forum, looking up at the Capitoline, we asked what something was, and it was where the ancient rostra used to be, from which the orators spoke to the people in the Forum. And right behind it was once a building called the Comitium, on the place where Romulus and the Sabine chief 'made-up' and became friends. So, ever afterwards, on that place they had this building called the Comitium.

from two Latin words that mean 'to send' and 'together'; and that was where the people of Rome went, for hundreds of years, to vote for their kings and consuls. And that gave us a new idea about our words for 'committee' and 'commission,' and a lot more.

'Way, 'way back, almost from the very beginning, Rome had a Senate; and then when the people felt that they weren't getting a square deal, because the senators were rich nobles, they 'struck,' and said they must elect officers to represent them and look out for their rights. The nobles had to agree to this. And those men who were elected by the people, to represent them, were called *tribunes* — and that's where we get a very familiar name which nowadays is mostly used by newspapers.

Well, the whole Forum is just like that! Everywhere you look, there is something that was the starting-place of our words, our laws, our government; and so on. We think that an awfully interesting book could be written for schools, and for grown folks, too, on 'What We Got from the Forum'; and it would make a person want to know Latin.

We could see that the place was packed so full of the most interesting stories in the world that if you stayed there for ages you couldn't get to the end of them.

We walked along the Sacra Via, or Sacred Way, where the triumphal processions used to go; and we looked at the temple of Castor and Pollux that one of the very nicest 'Lays of Ancient

Rome' is about. We found 'Vesta's fane,' and the well where Castor and Pollux watered their horses. We thought the Vestal Virgins had a lovely house, and we made some beautiful photographs of it.

But there was so *much* to ask about that we were just beginning to think it would be a place where we could hardly get really acquainted with anybody in particular, when — lo! and behold! we were looking at the map, or plan, of the Forum, around where 'Vesta's fane' is, and we saw

something that said *Tempio di Cesare*, and we said, 'What was *that?*'

It was a temple to Julius Cæsar after they made him into a god; and it was built on the spot where his body was burned, and where Brutus and Mark Antony made their orations about him.

VII. CÆSAR WAS A GREAT CHARMER

We began asking questions and questions about Cæsar; and the first thing we knew, we were so interested in him that we could hardly stop. Nannie says he was a great charmer; and we decided that he *must* have been, if he could get two little girls so excited about him after he's been dead almost two thousand years!

The house he lived in is right there close to where his body was burned. The way we asked about him, beginning with his *funeral*, was by going back and back — 'What happened before that?' — instead of the way children usually do, which is, 'And *then* what happened?'

But when we try to write it the way it all came out, we think it might not be so easy to read about as if we began more like a regular story.

We always like to know about great people when they were little, and young, and so we wanted to know about Julius when he was a little boy. He was 'a great swell' and was supposed to be descended from Venus and her son Æneas, and his son Iulus that Romulus and Remus were descended from. So, you see, he had about *all* the grandest ancestors there were. But he had an aunt who married a man that wasn't an

aristocrat. This man was a great general, named Marius, that you hear a lot about when you are in the south of France, around Arles; and in the very year that Julius was born, this uncle won a great victory up around Arles, and everybody in Rome was excited about it. His wife was with him when he won it. And when little Julius was big enough to have stories told to him, we think his Aunt Julia probably told him lots of exciting ones

about that place in Gaul where her husband won his victories. And Julius decided that he'd be a soldier, and that people like a successful man better if he isn't too aristocratic. You know! It's that way yet — they like to have poor boys

get rich and famous, and have it all over the ones that *started* rich. So Cæsar made up his mind that he wouldn't 'bank' too much on all his grand ancestors, and his stylish family — he'd rather be popular with the crowds, like his Uncle Marius was. His mother didn't spoil him at all; she believed that little boys have to learn how to be big men, and they can't start too soon.

Julius had a tutor who came from Gaul, and he told Julius lots of stories about the people up north, and made Julius decide to go there some day.

When Julius was sixteen, his father died, and then Julius was the man of the house. Pretty soon after that there was a fight between the aristocrats and the people, about who should be the bosses, and the people's side, which had Uncle Marius for a leader, won. There was another leader, and he had a daughter named Cornelia, and Julius married her instead of marrying a rich girl that his family wanted him to marry. And this made Julius more popular with Uncle Marius's party. In a little while, the aristocrats got to be the bosses again, and their leader tried to make Julius get a divorce from Cornelia. When Julius wouldn't, they took away all his property and were going to have him executed, but his aristocratic relations got his life spared. It was all a good deal like the French Revolution, which we understand very well because we've read such bushels of stories about it.

Then Julius went off to be a soldier, and he was caught by pirates, who held him for a ransom.

He wasn't scared of them at all. And he said: 'As soon as my ransom gets here, and I'm free, I'm going to catch you and crucify you.' They laughed at him. But he did what he said he was going to do!

But while he was a young man, Julius didn't seem to 'get anywhere.' He loved gay times and fine clothes and pretty ladies, and he spent money whether he had it or not, and got terribly in debt, and acted like a 'spoiled' young aristocrat, although all the time he kept saying he was a democrat, or for the people. He got elected to an office where part of his job was to see that the people had enough amusements to keep them feeling pretty good; and he was very successful in that job, spending oodles of the public money to make things gay for the crowds. They said he was 'a good fellow,' and elected him to another office that you'd think was a queer one to put a man in because he was 'a good fellow': they made him the head of the church! The head of the pagan church in Rome was called the Pontifex Maximus, just like the Pope is still called in Christian Rome. Pontifex Maximus means the supreme bridge-builder, because one of the chief things the high priest had to do in ancient Rome was to build new bridges when the Tiber washed the old ones down, and go out on the bridge and make sacrifices to the greedy river-god so he wouldn't overflow and flood them — as he often did. The one who started this was the King of Rome right after Romulus. He built a round temple to Vesta — 'Vesta's fane' — who was a special goddess of

his people, the Sabines; and he put holy fire in it, and got Vestal Virgins to tend it so it would never go out. He built a house for the high priest, called the Regia, and he lived in it. It was close to Vesta's fane, and we were sitting right beside it when we talked about Cæsar. You must surely, *surely* go and sit there some day! That little house was Cæsar's home until he died; his body was brought to it after he was murdered. And whenever you hear or see the words 'pontiff,' 'pontifical,' or hear the Pope called the Pontifex Maximus (which all the Roman Emperors used to be called, too), you must think you see 'Old Father Tiber,' all swollen with rains or with melted snow from the mountains, and going to overflow; and the people of ancient Rome getting the Pontifex Maximus out on the bridge to make sacrifices to the Tiber god, so he'd behave.

All that was started six or seven hundred years before Julius's day.

The big man in Rome, when Julius got to be head of the church, was named Pompey. Pompey was just the opposite from Cæsar — he was born plebeian (that's another word we seem to get right out of the Forum, where those who were not aristocrats were called *plebes*), and decided to be on the side of the aristocrats. Pompey was very handsome and charming, and almost everybody liked him. He was a very great soldier, too, and did a lot to make Rome richer and more powerful, with more countries to govern. He was the one who put down the gladiators' rebellion that Spartacus led. Julius made friends with Pompey, and

for a while they stood together. One of the countries that Pompey had conquered for Rome was Spain, and it was very rich; so Julius went out there to be its governor. He owed so much money in Rome that his creditors wouldn't let him go until the richest man in Rome (who was named Crassus) lent him a million dollars.

In Spain, Julius got rich himself, and when he came back to Rome, he and Pompey and Crassus were the three bosses of it. Julius could see that the only way he could get to be the boss all by himself would be to show that he was an even greater general than Pompey. So he got himself made governor of 'all Gaul' as well as Spain, and went off to see how much *he* could add to Rome.

We didn't try to think about all he did in the next ten years, which we'll have in second-year Latin when we study his 'Commentaries.' Maybe you've had it! It is easier to think about those years when you are in England, or France, or Switzerland, or Belgium.

What we got interested in was Cæsar crossing the Rubicon; and then in his murder.

VIII. CROSSING THE RUBICON

Cæsar's daughter Julia was married to Pompey (although he was older than Julius) and they were very much in love, and very happy. But she died when her little baby was born (it died, too), and both her husband and her father were just broken-hearted. After that, they weren't such good friends. Pompey sided more with the Senate, or the aristocrats, and Julius kept on doing things

which made him popular with the people. (There's another *word* with a kind of 'story' to it! The *populus*, which we call the 'populace,' or 'population,' was *everybody*. And if a man was *popular* it was because almost everybody liked him. Of course there's never *any*body that *every*body likes.)

Cæsar was coming home from Gaul in 49 B.C. to see how popular he really was. And Pompey, who was the boss all by himself, didn't want Cæsar to come to Rome marching at the head of his victorious legions to make a big political campaign with their help. So he got the Senate to say that Cæsar must disband his army in Gaul, and come into Roman territory as a private citizen.

Of course Cæsar didn't want to do that!

They said (the Senate and Pompey did) that if Cæsar came into Italy with troops, he'd be considered an outlaw.

The boundary of Italy on the north, then, was a little river called the Rubicon. If Cæsar came across it with any soldiers, he would be an outlaw, and there were only two things that could happen: one was that he would 'get away with it,' and Pompey would have to 'skiddoo'; and the other was that he *wouldn't* get away with it, and Pompey would have him executed.

Well! You know he crossed it. And though we knew that he got away with it (for a while — for five years), we couldn't help kind of holding our breath when we thought of his wife sitting here waiting to see whether he'd be captured and killed, or whether he'd come home in triumph.

People asked Pompey what he was going to do, when Rome heard that Cæsar might cross the Rubicon. Pompey smiled, and said if he stamped his foot, Italy would rise to his defence. But when he stamped it, he was terribly surprised! Italy was getting behind Cæsar, instead.

So Pompey had to 'beat it,' with as many soldiers as he could keep, and as many senators as thought it better to stick to him than to go over to Cæsar. They got to Brindisi, where they had hundreds of ships, and were out of Italy before Cæsar got there. Cæsar followed him (though not right away) and fought his army, and defeated it, and then chased Pompey to Egypt. But poor Pompey was murdered, as he landed, by order of Cleopatra's brother; and when Cæsar got there, Pompey was dead, but Cleopatra wasn't! They say that Cæsar fell in love with her, and stayed hanging around Alexandria for nearly a year. She's awfully interesting — Cleopatra is! But we'd better not get started on her here, or we'd never get out of the Forum. But when you're sitting beside the Sacra Via, which passes by Cæsar's house, you can't help thinking of the great triumphal processions that used to go along it, with captives and spoils; and how Cleopatra killed herself, years after Cæsar's death, so she couldn't be dragged along here in chains. She wasn't an Egyptian, you know; she was a Greek, though she was born in Egypt and was its queen. But Greeks had ruled Egypt ever since the days of Alexander the Great.

You might think that Rome would get kind of

disgusted with Cæsar for staying in Egypt when there was so much to do at home. But it seemed as if it couldn't resist him. When he went back, he was more popular than ever. He was made dictator, or sole boss, because there had to be somebody who could take hold, without interference, and get things going right in Rome. And pretty soon he got himself made dictator for ten years; and then — for all time!

There were people who didn't like that. For Rome was a Republic, you see, and very, very proud of her government, which was supposed to be 'of the people, by the people, for the people,' just like ours. And dictators may be all right for a while, when too many bosses can't agree and everybody must mind one boss or be lost; but if you belong to a very wonderful old Republic, that has been a Republic for five hundred years or so, you don't like to see one man getting into power so that nobody can ever get him *out*.

It seems as if Cæsar must have lost his head. Dictators nearly always do. First they lose good sense; and then people turn against them; and then they lose their head off their body — they usually get killed or executed. Mussolini is a dictator. We hope he won't lose his head — in *any* way!

Cæsar got to thinking so well of himself that he thought he was a kind of god, and he had a statue of himself set up in a temple, with words on it which mean, 'To the Unconquerable God.' When there were processions, he had his image carried among the images of the immortal gods. He had

a statue of himself set up, here, among the statues of the seven kings that Rome had before she was a Republic. And he got himself a gold throne, and an ivory sceptre, and an embroidered robe. People began to say, 'This is TOO much!'

Two months before Cæsar was murdered, Rome was having a great holiday, and Mark Antony set a crown on Cæsar's head. But the people groaned so loud that Cæsar took it off. He thought he'd better!

But you can see how people felt (like Cicero) who loved the old Republic above everything.

Also, you really ought to make yourself see how Cæsar felt. For while bosses could be elected, it was an everlasting strife as to who should beat the other fellows, and how he should get the most votes. So there were *some* things that made Cæsar think that one boss, who needn't get re-elected, would be a pretty good thing.

IX. BRUTUS MUST SAVE THE REPUBLIC

Long, long ago, when Rome was just beginning to be a Republic, there was a man named Brutus whose sons wanted to bring back the kings that Rome had just chased out. And when Brutus learned that his sons were against the Republic, he ordered them executed right before his own eyes. There was a statue of him in the Forum, when Cæsar was alive; and one day somebody printed on it, 'O that we had a Brutus now!'

There *was* a Brutus, descended from that early one; and he was a judge in Rome, and tried cases in the Forum law courts; and each morning when

he went into his court, he'd find notes saying: 'You are not a true Brutus.'

So this Brutus thought *he* must save the Republic, too. And when he and his brother-in-law Cassius, with the 'lean and hungry look,' went around seeing who else in the Senate would join them in getting rid of Cæsar, it seemed that quite a good many would.

The Senate was meeting, then, in a great hall that Pompey had built, that had a huge statue of Pompey in it. You must surely go to where that hall was, and to a palace near by, where Pompey's statue is, now, 'that all the while ran blood' when Cæsar was murdered at its foot. Hardly any of the people who go to Rome go to see that statue; and we think there is hardly anything in Rome that is more thrilling. We'll tell you, later on, just where to find it.

Cæsar knew they were plotting against him. But it seems that when a man is a dictator, he must know that some people are plotting against him — because they always *are!*

But Cæsar knew he was very popular, and perhaps he thought the plotters wouldn't dare to do anything. You know how he was warned to 'Beware the Ides of March.'

The night before his death, he was having supper with a friend, and somehow they got talking about what kind of death they'd rather die; and Cæsar said, 'a sudden one.'

Well, he *got* it!

That night he dreamed that Jupiter held him by the hand. And his wife, Calpurnia, dreamed

that he was lying in her arms, dead, from dagger stabs. When she woke up, she begged him not to go to the Senate that day. And as he was not feeling very well, he said he'd stay at home.

But the plotters were afraid he'd do this; so they sent one of their number to Cæsar's house to tell Cæsar that he must be *sure* to come to the Senate that day, because they were going to make him King of all the Roman provinces that were outside of Italy. If Cæsar didn't come, they'd think he was a 'scared-y cat.' How would it sound to get up in the Senate and say, 'Cæsar is absent because his wife had a bad dream?'

So Cæsar went. The senators all stood up, respectfully, as he came in, and it looked as if everything would be all right. Then they got up an argument, and pretended to get mad about it, and gathered around Cæsar, and began stabbing him. He was standing beside the statue of Pompey, who had been dead three years.

When the news got out that Cæsar was dead, the people in Rome began to yell, and Calpurnia could hear them. She rushed out of her house, and across the Forum, and met the slaves who were bringing Julius's body home. Everybody was crying for vengeance on the murderers.

But first they must show how they loved Cæsar. So they laid his body on a bed made of ivory, in a gilded chapel, and covered it with a magnificent pall, and kept watch beside it day and night for three days. Then it was burned, and people were so wild with grief that they threw their most precious things into the fire that was

burning Cæsar's poor, stabbed body. As the fire died down, an immense crowd stood around here, watching the embers, all night long; and others lighted torches in this fire and ran through Rome looking for his murderers.

If you have been in this place, and talked about Cæsar as we did, you feel that he's like some one you knew very, very well, and you can never think of him again as just somebody in a schoolbook.

We walked along the Via Sacra, past his little house, and out to the Arch of Titus, where you get a fine view of the Colosseum; and then up on the Palatine Hill, a little way. But we couldn't think of anything or anybody but Julius Cæsar. Maybe we'll think of other people next time we go there. But if we don't, we know we've got acquainted with the greatest man that was ever in the Forum, and the one it is most important for us to know.

The place where Cæsar was murdered is out where they have the Rag Fair now, on Wednesdays. The spot where Cæsar fell was probably where the church of Sant' Andrea della Valle is, underneath its dome which is the next biggest dome after Saint Peter's. And a little way from there, nearer to the river, is the Spada Palace where Pompey's statue is.

The Rag Fair is very interesting. You'll love it. You can buy almost anything you can imagine, from rusty nails and screws and parts of clocks, to brocades and tapestries and jewelry and lace and furniture. The stuff is spread all over, everywhere, for blocks around; some of it in booths, on

counters; some on the sidewalk; some is just carried by the people who are selling it. Nearly every seller has babies to take care of; and they get luncheon for them, right there. So if you wander around there for a couple of hours, you see lots of things *besides* the things that are for sale!

X. THE CAPITOLINE AND THE VATICAN AND A FEW LAST WORDS

We can see that we must stop trying to tell about Rome, which needs a whole book to itself, and a *big* one at that.

But we must put in one or two things more, even if we have to make what we say about them very short.

One is about going up on the Capitoline Hill, where they always keep a she-wolf in a cage, to remind them of Romulus and Remus; and some eagles which are another of the emblems of Rome. We thought they ought to have some geese, too; because we like that story about the geese on the Capitoline who cackled when the Gauls were trying to climb up and surprise the few Romans that were left. You think about that story of the geese when you're going from Rome toward Florence. We'll remind you of it later.

You'll want to go into the museum up on that hill, because there is where you see the Dying Gaul, that everybody knows; and the Marble Faun, and the mosaic that has the basin with the white doves on it, that we call Pliny's Doves.

There is a lot on that hill to make you think of Rienzi, 'the last of the tribunes,' who was dictator of Rome about 1350 or so. His story is so very interesting that we'd like to say lots about it. But we can't!

And there's ever so much to say about the Vatican Museum; but we can say only a few words. We went to it just once. We think that is enough for children who have only a little time in Rome. But it would be wonderful, if you lived there and went to school there, and could go over to the Vatican Museum maybe a couple of times a month and look at a few things you had just been studying about. It is kind of hard when you

try to see as much as you can at one time — like eating enough at one meal to last you for a week or more; you'd feel *stuffed*. We tried to pick out just a few things, like Laocoön, and the Apollo Belvedere; but you can't help getting interested in others, too. We liked the statues of animals — there's one room full of them, and many others all around. And of course we liked the marble chariot and horses and charioteer, and the chariot races carved on the tombs.

We can't honestly say that we were much interested in the pictures in the Sistine Chapel except to find the picture of the man who said Michelangelo's figures didn't have enough clothes on. So Michelangelo painted his likeness on a figure of a monster with a serpent's tail, who was supposed to be the judge in Hell. And when this man complained to the Pope, the Pope said he was sorry, but he couldn't do anything. If Michelangelo had put this man (Biagio was his name) in Purgatory, the Pope might have done something to get him out; but not even a pope could get a man out of Hell. So there he stays. But we were glad to see the Sistine Chapel, where the popes are elected.

We liked the Raphael frescoes in the rooms they call the Raphael Stanze, and we liked his tapestries, which used to be in the Sistine Chapel, but are in glass cases now. And we liked seeing the Borgia apartments because they have such a lot of stories. We like stories about the Borgias; they are nice and 'shivery.' You have to laugh when you think of Cesare Borgia, with Roman fever,

sitting in a huge jar of ice-water that came up to his neck, giving orders about what to do with all the valuables of his father, who had just died, before there was time for them to get stolen.

When we went to a museum (which wasn't very often), we always went for about two hours in the morning. And then for the rest of that day we didn't try to 'see sights' at all; we'd go for long, lovely drives out in the country, or play in some of the beautiful gardens; or wander around the fascinating little shops and the old streets, peeking in *here* and poking in *there*, wherever there was anything that interested us. When we were poking, we'd nearly always come across some place that is famous and interesting; and of course we'd investigate it. But that's very different from 'going sight-seeing,' which gets awfully tiresome, judging by what people say. The most fun, in a wonderful place like Rome, is to start out on a walk or a drive, and say, 'What's *that?*' when you see something that looks as if it had a story to it, and then stop to investigate. If you stayed in Rome for a couple of years, and went walking or driving every day, and looked at one or two things a day, you wouldn't see more than half there are. And then, of course, seeing *things* — *places* — is only part of the pleasure; the other part is the *people*. You love to watch them and see how they do things. And when you get chances to make acquaintance with some of them, you like that best of all. We can't talk any Italian (we hope to, some day!), but when we went visiting, we found that we could get along

pretty well with the Italian children even if they couldn't talk any English. We liked them ever so well. And we liked their fathers and mothers.

One darling baby we met, who was just learning to walk, lives in the great Colonna Palace; and it was too sweet to see him toddling around in those wonderful old rooms where so many great people have been. He didn't care a fig about any of them — he thought he was a perfectly wonderful person himself because he could run and make his nurse run to catch him.

One day we went out in the country with some Italian friends. The papa could talk English, but the mamma couldn't, nor the little boy, who is about three, and looks *exactly* like one of those adorable Italian dolls that come from Turin and are made by somebody named Lenci. You know! the ones that have such cute clothes and lifelike expressions. We had a perfectly glorious afternoon with this little boy and his dog, out at Rocca di Papa, which is high, high up in the Alban Hills, not far from Lake Albano where Æneas's son, who was Julius Cæsar's ancestor, is supposed to have started the town in which Romulus and Remus were born; nor from another lake named Nemi, which is also very famous. There is a lovely hotel at Rocca di Papa where you can eat out on the big terrace and see the Mediterranean, although it must be about twenty miles away; and there are beautiful woods to play in.

Cicero used to live near there, in a place called Tusculum, which is supposed to have been

founded by a son of Ulysses and Circe. And on the way to it is Frascati, which has many beautiful villas with wonderful gardens.

When you go back to Rome from Lake Nemi, you go along the Appian Way, and see the aqueducts, and the umbrella pines that are in so many, many pictures.

It is a beautiful drive, along toward sunset; and you pass lots of wine carts coming back to the country, with the drivers asleep under their kind of accordion-shaped canopies. If you honk at them, they may not wake up at all. But their sassy little dog will bark back at you. And maybe the horse (who is quite dressed up) will turn aside, anyway, so you can pass.

We wonder if we've made you 'want to go to Rome'! It is so hard to tell how lovely it is, in just a few pages.

The streets are so fascinating, with their soldiers and priests and students and their flower-sellers and fountains; and their shops!

We haven't said hardly anything about the wonderful fountains of Rome. There are so many of them, and they are so lovely. The biggest is called the Fontana di Trevi, and more than seventeen million gallons of water a day come pouring out of it.

There is where you must throw your penny, so you'll be sure to go back to Rome.

We stopped there the very last evening, as we were going back to our hotel after a beautiful afternoon out on the Campagna, as they call the plains around Rome. And as we threw our pen-

nies in, we couldn't help feeling teary and having a kind of lump in our throats. Rome had made us so happy and given us so many glorious things to think about!

We feel that it is very, very wonderful to have been there. And we hope that *you* will surely go some day SOON.

CHAPTER III

GOING TOWARD THE RUBICON

I. CASTLES ON THE WAY FROM ROME TO FLORENCE

When you leave Rome to go to Florence, you must go in an automobile if you possibly can, because there is so very much to see that you miss if you go by train. Some people take only two days for this trip; others take three and four. And if you had a week for it, you wouldn't feel that it was any too much.

There are different roads to go by, and each has places on it that nobody wants to miss; so it is hard to choose. But we'd say that children ought to take the road that goes to the grand old castle of Bracciano which is about thirty miles from Rome. It is the castle of a very famous old Italian family called the Orsini, who were nearly always for the Pope, in olden days, when everybody in Italy was for having the Pope rule Italy, or against it. But what made us love it was that it is such a perfect story-book castle for *any* kind of story. We don't know much about the Orsini — not yet, anyway; but we know lots of stories about castles, which is a kind of story we have always loved; and this place seemed to make dozens of them more real. It isn't a spooky castle, though there are probably spooky parts down underneath — all castles had to have them. But it is the kind of castle you'd imagine that the

Princess lived in. Which Princess? Why, *any* Princess in the nicest stories you know — history stories or fairy stories.

This castle is lived in now, so it is all furnished — but just like olden times — 'once-upon-a-times.' You can see the Princess's old, old bed, with its canopy and silken coverlet. You can see the chests where she kept things, and where she could even hide herself, you know. You see the marvellous rooms where the banquets were spread, and where the minstrels came to sing stories and to tell them, and where the Princess's father stood, on his dais, and said: 'This brave

young man has won my daughter's hand, according to the terms of the competition I announced; and though he is poor and unknown, she loves him.' And so on. And of course the young man is really a great king's son, which everybody will soon find out.

This castle looks as if it had been built for that kind of story to happen in — though that probably wasn't the kind that happened oftenest!

There is a lovely lake that the castle is built above. And across the lake is another castle that belonged, once, to bitter foes of the people who lived here. Those people had a name which is Italian for eel, and that slithery animal was on their coat-of-arms — and after the Orsini con-

quered them the eel was on *their* escutcheon ever afterwards. Escutcheons are ever so interesting, when you begin to know something about them. They tell great, long stories just in one little insignium when they add it on. You get mixed up if you try to learn too many. But if you learn one every now and then, you soon find that you know

a lot; and this gets to be a kind of game, too — seeing who can name the most and read their stories.

There is a courtyard to this castle that you can easily imagine full of warriors or of hunting-parties with dogs and falcons. And up on the

battlements it is simply thrilling. You don't wonder that Sir Walter Scott was so anxious to see this castle, though he was so sick when he was at Rome. He went up on the sentinels' walk, though, and we could think of him up there. We wished he could have lived longer, for if he had, we think he would surely have written a wonderful story about this castle. It seems that the Italians loved his stories, and they were very pleased to have him come and see them.

English writers have done such a lot to make

English-speaking people love Italy. And by 'English writers' we mean people who write in English, including a good many Americans, too. Italy certainly makes you think of hundreds of things to say.

From Bracciano you follow a road that curves around the west and north shores of that beautiful lake, and pretty soon you come to a place where you could branch off if you were going to Cività Castellana. But as that is more for people who have studied ruins, we decided that for us it would do just as well if we halted on our road and looked over toward it, and talked about it.

It's in a story that we hear lots about.

It was a very old Etruscan city when Rome was just begun. And after Rome got big and powerful, one of her generals was up here with his army, besieging that Etruscan city, which was called Falerii. The general's name was Camillus, and he was a very fine man. He had his army all around Falerii. But the Etruscans built very high and very strong walls around their towns, and it was pretty hard to take them.

There was a school teacher in Falerii who was a bad man, but people didn't know it yet. He used to take the boys out to walk. And one day he said they must walk outside the walls, to show the Romans they were not afraid. They did. The next day he said they must walk farther. And they did. Finally, he walked them right into the Roman camp and said: 'Here are the Falerian children. Their parents will surrender the city to get their children back.'

He seemed to think that Camillus would thank him and reward him! But Camillus was furious at him. He said that you couldn't go to war without causing suffering; but that no decent warrior would profit by treachery — if he couldn't win fairly, he would rather lose. So he ordered the teacher stripped, and gave each boy a bundle of rods to whip the teacher on his bare back as they chased him back to where their fathers could 'reward' him as he deserved.

And the fathers were so impressed by what Camillus did and said that they opened their gates to him.

But Camillus's soldiers were mad because he wouldn't let them sack and plunder. And when he got back to Rome, they raised a lot of fuss against him. This made Camillus awfully sore, and he left Rome and swore he wouldn't go back until they just begged and implored him to come.

Well! they had to do it pretty soon. For that was when the Gauls came (it was about 392 before Christ) and took Rome, all but the Capitoline, and killed thousands of people, and burned and destroyed until there was hardly one stone left upon another. Only the geese cackling and waking up the garrison on the Capitoline Hill kept them from getting that, too.

But Brennus, the chief of the Gauls, was getting pretty tired. His men were dying off like everything, because they had to stay among the ruins and the dead that were so many they couldn't bury them all. So he said he'd go back home if the Romans who were left, up on the Capitoline, would come down into the Forum and pay him a hundred weight of gold. They could barely scrape up that much, but they finally did. And then the soldiers of Brennus began cheating, putting too much weight on their side of the scales. When the Romans complained, Brennus threw his heavy sword and buckler into the scale with their weights, and laughed in the Romans' faces, and said something like 'Losers weepers.'

Off he went with all their gold. But he had gone only a little way when he met Camillus — who took it all away from him! The Roman Senate had sent for Camillus, begging and imploring him

to come and help them. And he had gathered up some soldiers and hurried to help them.

When the people who had fled from Rome began coming back to look for their homes and shops and things, they said there was so little left that they believed they'd rather start a new city somewhere else. And they probably would have done it, except for Camillus. He persuaded them to clear away the litter, and start again in the same old place. He said that there were about three hundred and fifty years of history behind them in that place, and much of it was the sort they should be very proud of. And that if they went away, and started all over, the labors and ideals of their ancestors would all seem to be dishonored and to go for naught. So they stayed.

We looked over toward what used to be Falerii, and imagined we saw those boys chasing that miserable teacher back toward their great town gate. We had a good laugh. And now, whenever we hear of the first invasion of the Gauls, and of Brennus, and the cackling geese, and Camillus, it all makes a familiar story that we seem almost to have lived, ourselves. Next time we go there, we hope to 'explore' the ruins of the Etruscan town and of the one the Romans built, near by, when they finally destroyed Falerii. The town they built was deserted about the time of Charlemagne. But you can see a great deal of it. It had eighty towers on its walls, and fifty are left. Also, the forum, and theatre, and other things.

We went on, after looking over toward it, to Caprarola, which is a marvellous palace that

belongs to the Farnese family, and has very famous grounds, almost as famous as those of Villa d'Este at Tivoli. This palace is lived in, too, and is fully furnished and most wonderfully. It is about the most interesting furnishing you can see in Italy. And the gardens are beautiful, but not so interesting to children as those of Villa d'Este, because they haven't nearly so much water. Children do like water, you know! Pretty soon, on this trip, you come to the most wonderful water-gardens of all, at Villa Lante, which is near Viterbo. There is a fountain there where you can stand inside of the water that's coming down, and look through it, as if you were a nymph or siren or something like that. That *is* fun!

II. OUR PICNIC

After we left Caprarola we had our picnic. You must be *sure* to take a picnic luncheon from Rome and eat it by the roadside. We found the loveliest place you could imagine for our picnic, and we never, never can forget it. There weren't any trees around there. That sounds kind of bleak and bare, and maybe too sunny; but it wasn't. The day was warm but not hot, although it was in June. We were wearing wool dresses. It was quite high, where we stopped to eat, and there was a lovely breeze blowing. We turned off the main road just a little way, into a kind of path or narrow cart-track. And where we sat down, the little baby breezes were blowing the grasses and wildflowers as if they were sprites at play. We were looking south, over a pretty little lake called

Vico; and on the other side of it there's a town that Pontius Pilate is supposed to have come from. *That* gives you a queer feeling! You don't usually think much about Pilate except in just one way, as the Bible tells it. But when you get to thinking about him as a little boy up here among these hills, and hill-towns that were old, old towns when he was very young, he seems very different. Camillus took that town of Pontius Pilate's (Sutri is its name) just a little after he made Brennus give back the Romans' gold. So Pontius must have had the story of Camillus told to him when he was a little boy. And he must have had nearly all the stories we were telling every day, told to him as 'once-upon-a-time' stories — even Julius Cæsar was a once-upon-a-time story to Pontius! And when he listened to them, and thought about what *he* was going to do when he was a man, how surprised he would have been if anybody had told him that he would be one of the most-known of all Romans, but not for his great deeds — only because he was the governor who let Jesus be crucified, though he said he couldn't see any fault in him. Of all the politicians, since time began, who went against their own feeling of what was right, because they wanted to please the mob, Pilate is the sorriest.

They say that Pilate committed suicide, and that his body was thrown into the Tiber, which cast it up. Then it was taken to Gaul, and thrown into the Rhone — and *that* river wouldn't keep it! At last it was plunged in a tarn, or small lake up on the very high mountain that's called Mount

Pilatus (and that you see all the time when you're at Lucerne — maybe you'll climb it), and every Good Friday it rises from the waters and tries to wash its hands just as Pilate did when he said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person.'

In Rome we saw the Scala Santa, or Sacred Stairs, that are said to be the ones in Pilate's palace at Jerusalem that Jesus went up to be judged, and came down after he was delivered over to be crucified. People who go up them have to go on their knees. We didn't pay so very much attention to them, because there was so much to see in Rome that we couldn't pay attention to all of it. But when we sat up there above that little lake, with so much blue Italian sky overhead that there seemed enough for all the world, and the darling wildflowers rippling about us, and ate our picnic luncheon, and thought about Pilate when he was a little boy, we got interested in him in a way we had never been before. *Now* when we read about him in the Bible he seems almost like somebody we have seen.

After this picnic (we had many, in Europe; and each time we thought, '*This* is the wonderfullest!'), we went on to Viterbo, where the thing that interested us the most was the old palace of the popes, built *long* before the Vatican was even thought of, where you see the great hall in which three popes were elected, 'way back in the twelve-hundreds, just as they're elected in the Sistine Chapel now.

There was one time, when Dante was a little boy, that the cardinals just couldn't seem to

agree on anybody. And they kept on voting and voting, for *two years!* The people of Viterbo wanted them to hurry up. So they put a guard around the palace and wouldn't let the cardinals come out. When that didn't do any good, they sent some workmen shinnying up to the roof, and ripped it off, right over the cardinals' heads! Then the cardinals laughed, and hollered for tents.

They got them, too! You can see the holes in the floor that they made, about six hundred and fifty years ago, to put their tent-pegs in. We had to laugh to think of them sitting there under their tents, voting and arguing. They probably laughed, too, and thought it was a good joke, though a little inconvenient. *Then*, when nobody was elected, the people stopped sending in food to the cardinals. And *that* made them get together and agree on somebody pretty quick.

In that same year there was a young English prince, nephew of King Henry III of England, murdered in one of the Viterbo churches, by the son of Simon de Montfort, because Simon was killed by King Henry's men at a battle in England six years before. We might not have cared about this young man's murder, only he was a son of one of those four girls from Provence who all became queens, and who are 'in' so many interesting stories that we know that they seem almost like *relations* of ours, or ancestors, or something — we feel so acquainted with their history. We'll tell more about them when we get to Provence, and over to England.

After Viterbo you come to a very old town called Montefiascone which has this story to it: Once upon a time there was a German bishop who, when he went travelling, used to send a servant ahead of him, who was a good judge of wine, to try the inns and put a mark on those where he found good wine. The mark was 'est.' When the bishop came along and saw that mark, he knew that was a good place to stop — just like the tramps do now, they say, when they see a chalk mark that means a lady lives here who is kind-hearted and makes fine pie, or another mark that means, 'These people keep a fierce dog; you won't eat here, but maybe the dog *will!*' Well, when the bishop's servant got to this town, which makes a great deal of wine, he liked the wine so well that he wrote, 'Est, est, est,' on the inn. And when the bishop saw that, he ordered, and drank, so much wine that he died. His tomb is in the church, and on it it says, 'Est, est, est.'

This town is near the edge of another lake that used to be the crater of a volcano. It is called the Lake of Bolsena, and is about twenty-eight miles in circumference. There's a town named Bolsena, on the shore, and in a church in this town there was the miracle that Raphael made one of his great frescoes about, that we saw in the Vatican. The story of this is that there was a Bohemian priest who didn't believe that the Host was the real body of Christ. So, one day, when he was saying Mass, blood dropped from the Host on the altar linen. And that was why the Pope started the feast day that's called Corpus Domini,

which you see beautifully celebrated in European churches, and in some places with processions outdoors. Also, it was why he ordered the Cathedral of Orvieto built. They keep that altar linen there, and show it on Easters and Corpus Domini days.

We have been looking at a picture of Orvieto Cathedral ever since we were born, or could look at anything. So of course we were glad to see it 'in real life.' It is certainly beautiful. The front is full of colored mosaic pictures, with lots of gold, and when the afternoon sun shines on it, it is a sight you can never forget.

We liked Orvieto quite well; but there weren't any stories about it that we cared specially for. It is high, high up on a hill, and from the railway station you have to go up to the town by a funicular — one of those mountain-side railways that you see in so many places in Europe; the one that goes up Vesuvius, at Naples, is what the song's about that you hear everywhere in Italy: 'Funicoli, funicola!'

You will probably stay all night at Orvieto, and start on in the morning to Assisi.

III. ASSISI AND SAINT FRANCIS

The reason people go to Assisi is because Saint Francis was born there, and he is a saint that almost everybody loves. Children ought to think a great deal of Saint Francis, because he was so fond of animals, just like we are.

You see ever so many Franciscan monks (friars, they are mostly called, which means 'brothers') nearly everywhere in Europe, and

they are in hundreds of famous paintings — Franciscan friars, barefoot, wearing sandals, with coarse brown robes and a rope girdle. The other kind of monk that you see most in pictures is a Dominican, with a white woolen robe and a black mantle over it. If you don't know something about these two kinds of monks, at least, you miss a lot as you go along.

Saint Francis, who started the Franciscans, and Saint Dominic, who started the Dominicans, were born about the same time; one in this old Etruscan hill-town, and the other away over in the Spanish Kingdom of Castile. They were born in the late 'leven hundreds, which was the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted. Saint Dominic is buried in Bologna, which you go to after you leave Florence; so we'd better tell about him there. Saint Francis is buried in Assisi, and there is a two-storied church over his grave. In the upper church there are twenty-eight wall-paintings, or frescoes, which tell the story of Saint Francis's life and are very interesting. They are by Giotto. We have loved stories about Giotto ever since we 'were very young' — like Christopher Robin.

It would be nice if we could tell the story of Saint Francis as Giotto told it in those pictures which have been there for much more than six hundred years — long before there were any printed books, or before anybody but monks and a few others could have read them if there were printed books, people had their stories painted for them, like great open picture books, on the walls

of churches, and carved in stone on the church's outside, and made in mosaics, and even woven in tapestries. But we can see that we mustn't take room for a quarter of the things we'd love to write about. All we can do is to mention a few things that we hope will give you a general idea how wonderful it all is.

But, after you have been at Assisi, you take so much more interest in Franciscans; and every time you see one with a rope girdle, you remember how Saint Francis, who believed in getting rid of *things* so you could give all your thoughts and efforts to service, found that the only thing he had which was better than it needed to be was a leather girdle — so he gave it away, and tied a rope around him instead. And ever since, all his followers wear a rope.

That is just one little thing about Saint Francis, but even if you couldn't remember another thing about him, and could remember *that*, you'd always understand a little bit of what he stood for. He was a rich young man, and fond of good times; and when he got his other idea of what to do with his money and his life, his father thought he was crazy, and was going to disinherit him, when Francis beat him to it and disinherited himself — gave up his rich father on earth and said he would have only 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'

Another thing about Francis is how he got his name. He was baptized Giovanni, or John. But his mother was a Frenchwoman, from Provence, and his father went to France quite often on business, and could speak French. So 'Johnny'

talked French when he was a little boy playing here in Assisi, and the other boys called him 'Francesco' which means 'Frenchy.' That got to be the name he was always known by. So when he was made a saint, he was San Francesco. And millions of boys and girls who have been named Francis and Frances are called for one of the sweetest, gentlest, dearest men that ever lived, and for his nickname of 'Frenchy.' The beautiful Missions in California were built by Franciscan friars; and San Francisco is named for 'Frenchy' too! We believe that Saint Francis would love to have people think of him as 'Frenchy' and feel very much at ease with him; because he always tried to bring things close to those he was talking

to. He would talk about Jesus as 'the boy of Bethlehem,' when he wanted poor people to feel very near to Him.

The little tiny oratory that Saint Francis died in is all built around by a great big church down at the foot of the hill on which Assisi stands. And there you see the thornless roses, which are said

to have shed their 'prickers' so they wouldn't hurt Saint Francis. He was always trying to make himself as poor as the poorest, as full of hurts as the most suffering, so he could feel as they felt and be able to serve them more tenderly and sympathetically. So he jumped into the rose-bushes to get himself scratched and torn — and they shed their thorns so as not to hurt him. Anyway, those roses are thornless now.

One of the paintings of Giotto's that you will always remember is the one of Saint Francis preaching to the birds and telling them how they ought to praise God, 'who clothed you in plumes, and gave you feathers for flying, who granted to you the purity of the air, and without anxiety of yours directs you.'

IV. WE BEGIN GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH ETRUSCANS

From Assisi you go to Perugia, which is fifteen miles. And on the way over, you stop at a great Etruscan tomb, one of the finest that has been found.

Everything around here used to be Etruscan, before the Romans conquered it. At first, when you are in Italy, you hear about 'Etruscan *this*' and 'Etruscan *that*,' and you don't pay much attention. You know you can't take in *all* you see and hear, and you're probably as busy as you can be trying to think about the Romans a little.

Then you find that nearly every place has a whole museum full of Etruscan things; and maybe

some day you happen to notice cases of beautiful jewelry, wonderfully made, or of the loveliest glass bottles and jars full of rainbow colors. And you begin to realize that they made very fine things. Maybe the next thing you notice is part of a great city wall, so huge and strong it might have been made by giants; and somebody says, 'That's part of the Etruscan wall.'

Then you remember your 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and those Etruscan Kings of Rome, like Tarquinius Superbus, who did so much to make Rome splendid, but were so proud and thought they could get away with anything — so the Romans had a revolution and chased them out, and set up their Republic. Lars Porsena of Clusium was an Etruscan, you know. And it was against the Etruscans who wanted their kings back in Rome that Castor and Pollux fought in that great battle of Lake Regillus, when 'the gods who live forever have fought to-day for Rome.'

Nobody knows where the Etruscans came from, but it was probably from Lydia, where Ephesus is. And nobody knows when they came, but some think it was about 1000 B.C., which was the time of Solomon, and maybe a hundred and eighty years, or so, after the siege of Troy.

Anyway, they seem to have known a lot when they came, and to have started a great many things that were copied by all the people round where they went, and that we got from them and are using yet.

By the time you get to that tomb near Perugia, you have probably begun to be a good deal more

interested in the Etruscans, and feel that you really *want* to see it — which is very different, we think, from feeling you *ought* to see it.

We have to be very glad that olden-times people used to put many things they thought a lot of in tombs, and decorate the inside of the tombs with paintings. Because, if anything is respected, it is tombs; and those that have been found tell us most of what we know about ancient people like the Etruscans.

Perugia was an Etruscan city at one time. The walls and gates they built are still there. One of the gates is called the Arch of Augustus, but it was an old, old gate ages before Augustus.

It is a very high town — more than sixteen hundred feet above sea-level, and more than one thousand feet above the valley that's around it, which is the valley of the Tiber! Old Father Tiber, away up here! You have to climb a winding road to get up to the old part of the city, where your hotel is. There is a beautiful terrace up there, and one of the finest views you can imagine is the one you get from that terrace, which is right beside your hotel.

The painter who's called Perugino (his real name was Vannucci, and the principal street is named for him) was born near Perugia and lived at Perugia a good deal; his house is still there. Lots of young men who wanted to be painters went to study under him. And one of these young men was Raphael. There is a fresco in what we'd call the Stock Exchange, that was painted by Raphael when he was only seventeen — just as

old as young Caruso of Ravello whose painting we have got.

One of the most beautiful fountains in all Italy, which is full of beautiful fountains, is beside the cathedral in Perugia; it was made when Dante was a little boy.

In the cathedral they have a ring made of agate, or something like that, which they say is the Virgin's wedding ring. You can't see it very often; only about five times a year. The rest of the time it is locked in one thing inside another, each thing with a lock to it, so you'd have to have fifteen keys to get to it. Some people believe that the ring changes color according to the character of the one that's looking at it.

The reason we were interested in the ring is because it makes a person ask questions, and the questions bring out a story that makes hundreds of pictures tell you some things they probably never did before.

It seems that when painters first began to make pictures of the marriage of the Virgin, they used to paint Saint Joseph as a very, very old man about eighty or ninety, all doubled over and hobbling on a heavy staff. The monks thought marriage was sort of 'worldly,' and they didn't like to think of the Virgin with a husband who was at all young or attractive. All it says about Joseph in the Gospels is that he was of the tribe of Judah, of the house of David; that he was a just man, and that he dwelt in Nazareth and was a carpenter. So, the painters can make him any age they want to. And after a while they got

thinking that he must have been younger, because God wouldn't choose such an old, old man to help Mary take care of Jesus.

There is an old story, or tradition, that an angel came to Zacharias, in the Temple where Mary had been living since she was a very little girl, and told him (this was when Mary was fourteen) to call together all the widowers and have each one bring his rod or wand in his hand, and the Lord would show which one should be the husband of Mary. Sometimes the story said that a white dove flew right out of Joseph's wand. Sometimes it said that all the widowers put their wands in the Temple overnight, and knelt there, and in the morning Joseph's wand had leaves and flowers

on it; and when the other widowers saw that they were so mad they broke their wands.

It was natural for Perugino's pupils, working there close to that ring, to be interested in making pictures of the Virgin's marriage; and it was natural for churches near Perugia to want pictures of the marriage. Raphael painted one, for a church near Perugia, before he was twenty-one. It is in Milan, now. It shows Joseph quite young and good-looking, carrying his flowering wand in his left hand and putting the ring on Mary's finger with his right hand. Beside him is the maddest one of those who didn't win Mary, breaking his wand across his right knee. And back of him are others who got left. Raphael painted his own picture for one of these, just bending his wand before breaking it; and for another he painted Perugino.

Well! after you have got to know a story like that, you take *so* much more interest in all pictures that show Saint Joseph, and especially in those that show the marriage. You find yourself hunting for them, when you go into a gallery, and seeing how old Joseph is; and if it's the marriage picture, you always see the suitors and their wands.

Some people, when they leave Perugia, go straight on to Florence, and others take a different road so they can stop at Siena and the most picturesque old town imaginable, which is called San Gimignano — pronounced San Jim-min-yano. (Don't you think Italian names make lovely sounds, like music? *We* do!)

We want to write and write about the races they have at Siena that are just like olden times — costumes and everything — and the horse that wins gets taken to a banquet. These races are called the Palio, and they happen in July and August. Be sure to see one if you are in Italy then. And San Gimignano looks more like olden, story-book times than any other town you can see, anywhere.

But if we don't skip a lot of things, this book will never get through Italy. Really! *Leaving out* is the hardest part of writing. That, and starting, and stopping.

After you leave Perugia, you soon come to a beautiful big lake named Trasimeno on the north edge of which Hannibal and his Carthaginians defeated the Romans and killed thousands and thousands of them, including the Consul Flaminius, who had led them up from Rome over the fine new road he had just had made — the road you follow, most of the way, when you make this trip. It was new when that battle was fought, two hundred and seventeen years before Christ. It is the road that the Roman legions mostly used when they went north into Gaul and on into Britain; it didn't go all the way there; but you follow it for many miles, on this journey. Are you interested in Hannibal? *We* are! We saw him in a play we loved, called 'The Road to Rome.'

On the way to Florence is a town called Cortona that thinks it was started by Noah right after the flood.

V. FLORENCE

The next time we go to Florence, we hope we can stay somewhere that is a little way out of town, on the road to Fiesole or anywhere that there is a garden or woods or some place to play. Children like to be by themselves some of the time, making up things, and running, and hiding, and everything like that; and in Florence there isn't any place to play — at least, not around where the hotels are. The streets are so narrow that you almost have to go in somebody's house or shop to let the trolley cars get by. And hardly anybody has a garden — not till you get out toward the suburbs, where the gardens are lovely, but they seem more for grown-ups to look at than for children to play in.

In fact, we thought Florence was mostly a grown-ups' town, and that it didn't seem made for children. There were many things that we liked very, very much. But we weren't crazy about it, like we were about Rome and Naples. And that was strange, because we thought we were going to like it best of all.

There isn't much to do at Florence except sightseeing and shopping, if you're a traveller. You get tired, and there doesn't seem to be anything to do that's restful and fun. There's a beautiful park, called the Cascine; we drove in it, but we didn't want to get out and play. (In Paris, which we think was made for children, when we drive in the park which is called the Bois, you can hardly keep us in the car or carriage; nearly every place we see, we want to get out and run and play.

Some parks make you feel that way, and some gardens; and others don't, at all.)

Florence is very beautiful along the river, the Arno, and is full of buildings that you have seen pictures of all your life. And of course it's chock-full of stories. But a great many of the things that make grown-ups just adore Florence are things that children haven't got acquainted with yet.

We have known about Dante ever since we can remember, and have always wanted to see where he lived. You wouldn't expect little bits of children to care about him; but we did. We don't know why. Grammie has a picture that shows Dante meeting Beatrice and two of her friends or maids, at the corner of one of the bridges in Florence, when Beatrice wouldn't speak to him, and he looks so sad; and there is the Ponte Vecchio in the background, and all those old, old houses on the other side of the Arno, looking just the way they look now. We have always loved that picture. You've probably seen dozens of copies of it. The original is in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool. We went to see it.

When Sisser was a weeny baby that had to be carried, Grammie could nearly always make her stop fretting or crying, by carrying her in front of that picture. Nobody could imagine why she liked it so much — but she *did*. And among the first words she could say were Dan-*tee*! and Ar-*no*! She used to call the Ponte Vecchio, which means 'the old bridge,' the 'Ponty Becky-o.' And the first time she saw a new bridge that was just built

in Chicago (where we live), when she could hardly talk, she said, 'Ponty Becky-o?' because that was the only bridge she knew about!

So there were a good many things in Florence that we felt ever so much at home with, because we had grown up with copies of them. Cimabue, for instance. Of all things! But it was like this: Nannie has a little tiny picture of Cimabue that's called a miniature. One day, when Betty was about half-past two, she noticed it, and said, 'Who *that* is?' And Nannie just said, 'Cimabue.' She didn't tell anything, and waited to see if Betty would ask any more; but she didn't. She must have liked the *word*, though. Because pretty soon she named one of her rag dolls 'Chimmy-boo-ie,' and so she got to be quite familiar with the name long before she ever asked who it belonged to, or where he lived, or anything. When she finally *did* ask, Nannie told her some stories about Cimabue, and especially the one about him and Giotto — how he found Giotto, when Giotto was a little shepherd boy, making drawings with pieces of charcoal; and how he taught him until

he said he didn't know any more to teach such a gifted boy. One day, when Betty was six, she found a magazine with a picture of some sculpture made, just about then, by a young Frenchman who had been a shepherd in the Cévennes Mountains, and was 'discovered' making statues that a man who saw him thought were Greek statues he was *destroying*. When Nannie told this, Betty said, 'Oh, you've got him all mixed up with Giotto and Cimabue!' Nannie hadn't, of course; but even that long ago Betty knew those names and that story as well as she knew Cinderella or Ali Baba — and could remember them just as well, because they aren't really any harder to remember. You can usually remember a thing if it interests you, and especially if you picked it out to be interested in.

So Betty wanted to see things in Florence that were connected with 'Chimmy-boo-ie' and Giotto; and Sisser wanted to see things that were connected with 'Dan-*tee*' — which isn't the right way to say it; you must say 'Dant-eh,' or sort of like that. Though a baby might not learn it, if you said it to her the right way. Fortunately these men all knew one another, and kind of make stories together.

Then we knew quite a good deal about Savonarola; because Grammie has a copy of the chair he used to sit in, and a picture of his cell, and a picture of him, and a lot of pictures of his monastery. And we wanted to see these 'in real life.'

And we knew a good deal about Michelangelo,

and Leonardo, and the Della Robbia, and a little about Botticelli.

We know what seems to us to be a lot about Catherine de' Medici, and about Marie. But we haven't got very well acquainted, yet, with the other Medici, even the one they call Lorenzo the Magnificent. We didn't know anything about the Brownings when we went to Florence; but we got quite interested in them while we were there. We learned about Galileo, too. And Fra Angelico. And Carthusians. We really did pretty well, we think.

Dante's house has been made over a good deal, and it seems much newer than you wish it did. They use it now to teach boys printing, and there is a very nice old man there who talks English and acts as if he liked having people come. It isn't easy, though, to imagine Dante there.

You don't feel in such awe of Dante when you think about him in Florence. He had so many troubles that you feel more sorry for him than scared of him.

VI. DANTE AND BEATRICE

He was just a little boy of nine when he fell in love with Beatrice, at a May-Day party her father gave. And all his life, after that, he kept on thinking that she was the loveliest thing God ever made — not just the prettiest, you know, but the fullest of goodness and everything that made other people want to be good, too.

It kind of seems that she didn't appreciate his admiration, because — though she was so gentle

and tender and kind — she got so she wouldn't even bow to him when she met him in the street; which is what the picture is about that we have known so long. But this was because Dante, in trying to keep everybody from talking about *her* and how he loved her, had pretended that the girl he was so crazy about was some one else. And he pretended too much. People talked about him and about that other girl, and said such horrid things about him that Beatrice thought he must

be a person who was not fit to bow to. This just about killed poor Dante.

He had an awful sighing and sobbing and suffering sort of time, which really seems kind of silly — or *would*, if he hadn't gone on to show that his love of Beatrice could make him do something besides sigh and swoon.

Beatrice married a rich young banker of Florence; and when she was twenty-four, she died. Of course Dante mourned her, and cried himself sick, and all that. Then he got married, probably to a sensible sort of girl who was a good housekeeper; and he seems to have been a much more useful kind of citizen after Beatrice was dead. But he kept thinking about her. And by and by he wrote his great poems about her, and said that all the wonderful things in them were the things that she made him think about because she made him love her. So it was one of the greatest love-stories of history, because of what it made him *do* for the whole world and all times to come. And another great one was the love-story of the Brownings, who came to live in Florence after they ran away from England. They were married folks who were hardly ever separated for more than a couple of hours or so; who kept house and took care of their little boy and did all the everyday, common things that people do who haven't much money and live in a small 'flat,' and just work along like everybody does. But the way they loved each other made both of them write such beautiful, wonderful poems that people from all over the world go to

their little Florence flat and feel as if they were in the most sacred place.

One of the first places we went in Florence was a church right beside our hotel. The church is

called Ognissanti, which means All Saints. We went to it because Amerigo Vespucci is buried there — the man America is named for. And while we were in there, we talked about a very beautiful young girl named Simonetta who was married to Marco Vespucci, one of Amerigo's relations. She was so beautiful that everybody in Florence was just crazy about her.

Once, when she had just come to Florence as a

bride, there was a wonderful tournament given, out in front of the church that's called Santa Croce, or Holy Cross — the one that Michelangelo and Galileo are buried in.

The tournament was in honor of one of the young Medici — of his coming-of-age; his name was Giuliano and he was a younger brother of Lorenzo that they call 'the Magnificent.' Lorenzo got Botticelli to design the banners and costumes and many things for that tournament; and he got Verrocchio, who was Donatello's pupil and Leonardo's teacher, to make marvellous helmets for Giuliano and himself. He did everything he could think of to make it the most 'magnificent' tournament that had ever been. And Simonetta was its Queen of Beauty.

Botticelli painted her in many of his loveliest pictures — as 'Venus,' and 'Springtime,' and other things. And other painters also painted her.

But she died when she was only seventeen. And Lorenzo felt so bad that he ordered the great bell of the cathedral tolled, which usually tolled only for the ruler of Florence.

They carried Simonetta to her tomb on an open bier, so that people could see her beauty as long as possible. And everybody cried — it was so sad. She lies in the same vault with Amerigo.

Botticelli is buried in that church, too.

What used to be the convent to which that church belonged is a soldiers' barracks now. We were interested in it because when Catherine de' Medici was a little girl of six, she was kind of half prisoner and half scholar there for six months,

and was taken out of there one December night when a plague was raging in Florence, and walked through the dark streets to another convent 'way over on the other side of the city.

The palace that Catherine was born in is there in Florence, and looks as if it would be a strong-as-a-rock old palace for at least a couple of thousand years to come.

Florence is just about full of palaces, but hardly any of them have people living in them now. Not princes and people like that, anyway. They are nearly all used for something besides great houses, now. The one Catherine was born in is where the State of Tuscany, of which Florence is the capital, has its offices. The most interesting palace in Florence is called the Davanzati. It is on a street called Via Porto Rossa, or the street of the Red Gate, quite near to Via Tornabuoni, which is where the shops are that everybody goes to for ice-cream sodas, and candies, and cakes, and afternoon tea, and ices. The Davanzati palace is completely furnished as it used to be five or six hundred years ago, and, except for the elevator that's been put in just lately because it's so far up to the roof, you'd think you were calling on people that Dante used to know. You get a wonderful idea of how a rich family used to live in a palace like Florence is full of. The father and mother and small children would have one floor, and each married son would have a floor for his family; so it was like 'flats.' And each floor had its own kitchen and dining-room. All the tables are set; and in the bedrooms there are even

nighties hanging up — coarse, stiff old nighties that must have been awful to wear on warm nights. But the tables in the dining-rooms look almost 'up-to-date,' because people have been imitating them so much, lately.

If you keep on walking in that street where this palace is, in the direction that's going away from

the soda-shops, pretty soon you come to what's called the New Market (Mercato Nuovo), although it is nearly four hundred years since it was new. In it there are lots of stalls or counters, where they sell lace and embroidery and other things — but especially straw hats! Every kind of fancy straw hats, including those with brims that look like lace, but are made of straw. And dolls' hats! Too cute for words! Some days, it is a market just for fresh flowers.

Right by the market you turn down the street that leads to the Ponte Vecchio. But if you keep going straight on, and don't turn, you come to the palace that they call the Old Palace or Palazzo Vecchio, which goes back to Dante's day. It is the City Hall now, as it used to be when it was new; but the palace rooms, in the upper floors, are kept as they were when the Medici lived there, for showing to people. Savonarola was imprisoned in that palace, and burned in the piazza or square out in front of it. Michelangelo's statue of David stood in front of the Old Palace for about three hundred and seventy years; then they put it indoors, so the weather couldn't stain it any more, and made a copy for the place where it used to stand. And there is a bronze copy, too, that is up on a beautiful high terrace, across the river, that's called for Michelangelo. People go up there to look down on Florence, and to see the sunset.

There is a kind of open building, with arches, facing that square the Old Palace is on, which is called the Loggia dei Lanzi, because one of the Medici who lived in the Old Palace used to keep

his Lancers in this building, ready to defend him or accompany him, or whatever he needed them for. To-day the Florentines keep statues in it, some very famous ones. One is called Perseus with the head of Medusa, and is by Benvenuto Cellini (Benvenuto means 'Welcome'), who was one of the greatest artists Florence ever had.

Do you remember how Perseus had the sword of Mercury, the shield of Minerva, the helmet of Hades that made its wearer invisible, and the winged shoes, and sped to the hall of the Gorgons where Medusa was, her hair all turned to hissing serpents? And how, on his way home, with Medusa's head, Perseus rescued Andromeda from the rock to which her parents had chained her?

Another statue in that Loggia is by Giovanni di Bologna, who made the 'Mercury' that everybody knows so well, and is 'The Rape of the Sabines'; it is about that time when Romulus and his fellows, on the Palatine, invited the Sabines from the Capitoline to come down in the hollow and play games with them. And Romulus and some of the others who needed wives grabbed Sabine girls and ran off with them, up the Palatine. For centuries after that time, Roman brides used to be carried or lifted across the threshold of their new husband's home, to keep them reminded of how the first Romans brought home their wives, and of the fact that the second King of Rome was a Sabine. Rome was very proud of the way that many of her conquered people soon became 'more Roman than the Romans.'

VII. IN FLORENCE YOU HEAR A LOT ABOUT 'THE RENAISSANCE'

Now, all the time you are in Florence you keep hearing people, who show you around and tell you about things, talk about 'the Renaissance.' You hear it in Rome, too; but you probably don't notice it so much, because you are thinking mostly of ancient times, there.

Renaissance means 'born again.' And the time in history that is called the Renaissance begins about 1453, and runs along to maybe the end of the fifteen-hundreds.

To understand what it's all about, you have to remember that when Constantine decided that Rome wasn't a good centre for the Roman Empire, and went eastward and founded Constantinople, he took with him a great many precious and beautiful old things from Rome, and favored his new capital in every way. The Empire was divided, after his death; and the western part had so many wars and raids and ravages that people didn't have much time to attend to learning and to making beautiful things. Constantinople had most of the manuscripts of classic authors, and many works of classic art; and such scholars as there were liked to stay around Constantinople where there was culture. When the Turks took Constantinople, in 1453, and made it a Mohammedan capital, the scholars who had lived there fled to Italy, and took with them their precious old manuscripts, and began teaching people to love them.

This came at a time when printing was just

being discovered or invented or whatever you'd call it; and when the great discoveries of the New World were just about to be made — by Columbus and the Cabots and Amerigo Vespucci, and others. It was a very thrilling time in the world's history — so many wonderful things to think about: old books and new worlds. And so many people got busy, thinking, that pretty soon there was a great demand for beautiful copies of classic art and beautiful new works of art. And it may be because there were so many who wanted to buy that there were so many who worked hard to produce wonderful things; or it may be that because there were so many marvellous artists that many people wanted to employ them. Anyway, it was a time of so many new ideas and rediscovering wonderful old things, and learning how to appreciate them, that it seems as if the world had been kind of 'born again'; and that is what we must think of when we hear people talk about 'the Renaissance.' Every time it's spring, the world is kind of born again, in one way. But that was a sort of springtime when the mind and spirit of Europe seemed to burst into bloom and song and sunshine, so that pretty soon the world was full of golden *fruit*. Florence had more to do with the Renaissance than any other one place. So no wonder that she is proud, and doesn't let you forget it.

But beauty and learning didn't seem to make her people *good*. And that was what Savonarola preached about.

VIII. SAVONAROLA'S MONASTERY

We went out to the monastery where he was the head. And we were so interested in it that we could hardly tear ourselves away. San Marco, it is called.

We loved the little cells of the monks that Fra Angelico painted his pictures in; and the long refectory where the monks ate, and one monk read to them from a kind of little pulpit-place up on the wall that he got to by tiny stairs you can't see; and the beautiful cloisters, especially the one that you see so many, many pictures of, with the grand old Cedar of Lebanon in the centre.

Mostly we don't care so very much for pictures of the Crucifixion; but we could hardly go away from the one that Fra Angelico painted for a little place, opening off the cloister, that they call the chapter house. It seemed to us one of the most beautiful pictures we had ever seen; and we spent the longest time, before we left San Marco, trying to select from the hundreds of pictures they have for sale there a really good copy of that one. But there isn't any! They photograph the original, and that comes out pretty well. But when they try to color it like the original, it is terrible; they don't get the colors right at all. Some day we'd love to go there and try to color a photograph so it would look more like Fra Angelico's painting. After you have seen his paintings, you can easily understand why they call him 'Angelico.' We have never seen such colors. They make you feel just the way heavenly music does. And you could stand for hours — it seems — in front of that

Crucifixion picture (or sit there — there are seats, so you can stay and look as long as you like) and never get tired of studying the faces of the saints who are grouped around the foot of the Cross. Every one of those wonderful faces tells a story even to children who maybe don't know much about the lives of those saints.

We never were more interested in any picture, except Leonardo's 'Last Supper' at Milan.

There is a 'Last Supper' at San Marco, too. It is by Ghirlandaio, and we liked it very much. We were just going to buy a picture of it when we found a picture of another 'Last Supper' he painted, which is in that Convent of the Ognissanti where Catherine de' Medici was. Then we couldn't decide which of the two we liked better. We compared them for a long time, and finally decided that we liked the Ognissanti one; so we bought it. Afterwards we found out that most people like that one better.

We don't like picture galleries very well; there is so much to see that we don't seem to see *any*thing; at least, that's the way we *feel*. But we loved the pictures of Fra Angelico, at San Marco, and can never forget them.

And we loved being in Savonarola's cells (he had a study one and one to sleep in), and seeing his chair, and desk, and other things, and the pictures of his execution. We stood at the top of the stairs by the door to the great library, and imagined Savonarola there with the mob storming the church and monastery, clamoring for his life. It was there, at the top of the stairs, that he was

arrested, and taken off to the Palazzo Vecchio, to be burned.

We haven't read 'Romola' yet. But think how we'll enjoy it when we do!

IX. TAPESTRIES THAT MAKE YOU LAUGH

Another place that we enjoyed very, very much was what's called the Accademia di Belle Arti, or Academy of Fine Arts, where the original of Michelangelo's 'David' is. We wanted to see it because we like it, and we like the stories about his carving it out of a block of marble that other sculptors said wasn't good for anything; and of how the head of the City Council, which had ordered the statue, told Michelangelo David's nose was too large — so Michelangelo took a chisel and a handful of marble dust, and pretended he was making the nose smaller, though he really wasn't touching it — and when all the dust came down, the Smarty said, 'Now you have given it life!'

Michelangelo was only about twenty-eight or twenty-nine when he made this 'David,' which is a very wonderful statue, we think, though it makes David seem a very strong young man of whom Goliath might almost be afraid, instead of the other way around. We went to see Donatello's 'David' and Verrocchio's, too, because we have played with little bronzes of all of them. And we think Donatello's is silly — with his plumed hat — and we wish Verrocchio's didn't have on that thing that looks like armor; because David was a shepherd boy, and we are sure he didn't have any-

thing like that. We like Michelangelo's *much* the best. And we wish he had gone on making statues of the kinds he made when he was a young man.

But the thing we just adored at this place where his 'David' is are the tapestries that tell about Creation. We stayed and stayed in front of those, pointing out *this* and *that* and laughing till we just about *cried*, they are so comical. We bought pictures of some of them; but no pictures can do them justice. We don't know whether they were meant to be funny, or not. But oh! how we'd love to own a copy of the one where Adam is naming the animals!

We stayed there so long that by the time we got to the place (near by) where Catherine de' Medici was born, it was closed for the noon-hour, which is twelve to two, and we could only peek around in the courtyard; so we didn't see the picture in the chapel which has the Medici painted in it. But there are lots of things in Florence that we didn't see, because we didn't want to get 'indigestion.'

X. FLORENCE IS FULL OF FAMOUS THINGS

Florence is so packed full of famous things that you have to stay there a long, long time if you want to see them all.

Of course you'll want to see the cathedral, which is all pink and white and black marble, outside; and the lovely, lovely thing they call the campanile, or bell-tower, that Giotto designed when he was an old man. It is one of the most famous buildings in the world, and almost every-

body has its picture. You can't help feeling thrilled when you actually see it with your own eyes; it is even lovelier than you could ever have expected it to be.

Across the way from it and the cathedral (that it stands beside) is the baptistery which used to be the cathedral when Dante and Beatrice were baptized there, just a few months apart, and which has the most beautiful and most famous doors in the whole world; Michelangelo (who didn't make them, and hardly ever praised other sculptors' or painters' or architects' work) said they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

They were made by a sculptor named Ghiberti, who devoted almost all his lifetime to those doors. He worked on them for nearly fifty years! And during that time he was training ever so many helpers to become great artists (Donatello was one of them), and teaching the whole city, and country, to feel, with him, that the thing to care about is not how quickly you can do a job, nor how much you can get for it; but that the only way to work is to have an Ideal as high as you can set it, and try to make yourself reach it — even if it takes you fifty years.

The doors (they are bronze, kind of greeny-goldy) are much more beautiful than we know how to tell you. You can't begin to take them all in if you just see them once. They need to be seen a great, great many times — and each time you could get to feel acquainted with another lovely bit.

Inside the baptistery, you can easily imagine

you see Dante being baptized, and Beatrice, and many, many others who are almost as famous.

Right by the baptistery (across the street) is a pretty loggia, something like the one called Loggia dei Lanzi, and this one is called the Bigallo. Long ago it was where they used to put the children that were lost or that their parents had run away from. Then people could go and get their own children back, or maybe find one to adopt. We liked to think about it when it had lots of babies in it that were waiting for some one to come and get them. And we thought maybe Lucca della Robbia used to stay around there some of the time, watching the babies so he could know how to put them in those adorable things he modelled in terra-cotta and glazed. Everybody

in the world knows his Madonnas and *bambini*, or babies; and everybody loves them. There were other Della Robbias, besides Lucca — his nephew, and that nephew's son; but Lucca made the darlingest babies. And he made those young choristers with their mouths open, singing away for dear life, which are copied so much and are probably in every school in the world.

He made them for a kind of choir-loft or gallery, for the cathedral; but now it is in a museum behind the cathedral, and there is an-

other gallery there, too, that is by Donatello. We hope you'll go to that museum and see those galleries, even if you don't go inside the cathedral.

Another thing that's close to all these buildings is the headquarters of the Misericordia. We hope you see some of the brothers of the Misericordia going about in Florence. They are all dressed in black robes, and have big black cowls or hoods

drawn up over their heads, and their faces are covered with black masks. They take care of the sick poor, and bury the dead, and do things like that; and nobody knows *who* is behind those black masks.

The way it started was like this: Long, long ago (before Dante was born) there was a prosperous wool merchant in Florence who was so shocked by the way his companions *swore* that he got them to promise they would pay a fine every time they said a bad word. Pretty soon they had so much money that they said, 'What shall we do with it?' And they decided to buy some litters for carrying poor sick people to the hospitals.

And by and by, Florence was so grateful to these men that the highest persons wanted to belong to their society. So, if you were poor and friendless in Florence, or met with an accident, or had an awful disease, or something, and the Misericordia brothers came to take care of you, it might be the highest in the land that came. You'd never know.

It is very, very picturesque to see a Misericordia funeral.

XI. DRIVES OUT OF FLORENCE

There are a number of interesting drives you can take out from Florence. One that nearly everybody takes is to Fiesole, which was an Etruscan city, high up in the hills northeast of Florence, and all along the way (about five miles) there are villas with fine gardens and lovely views. And there's another, to the lovely woods of

Vallombrosa, where Milton went, and there's a monument to him. You know, he tells, in 'Paradise Lost,' about something being 'thick as autumn leaves which strew the brooks of Vallombrosa.' We haven't read 'Paradise Lost,' but we've heard this about Vallombrosa. But the one we liked best (except the all-day trip to Pisa) was out to the Certosa, which is a Carthusian monastery about six hundred years old. A monk showed us all around, and we went into some of their cute little houses. Each monk has a front room to study in and eat in, that opens onto the great cloister. There is a dining-table that hooks up to the wall when it isn't needed. They eat in the refectory only on Sundays. Other days, their food is brought to their door. Each one has a sleeping-room, and his own private garden where he can grow anything he likes.

The Carthusians are great bee-keepers, and they have fine honey, from some of which they make a liqueur called chartreuse. They make delicious chocolate, too.

When you have seen the monastery, with the cute little houses, and the church, and the Guest House where distinguished travellers used to be entertained in the days when inns were poor and people who wanted to be comfortable mostly stayed at the monasteries or convents, you go to the old pharmacy, which is now the nicest kind of a store just like a picture or a scene in an opera or play. There the monks, in their white habits, sell chocolate and honey and chartreuse; and the chartreuse is put up in many kinds of the most

fascinating little bottles you can possibly imagine. We just loved that store!

The trip to Pisa is one we think you certainly ought not to miss. Pisa is about fifty miles from Florence. The train goes there in about an hour and a half. We went by automobile, and went first to Viareggio so we could go in swimming. This is a seaside resort twelve miles north of Pisa; it has ever so many hotels and cottages and shops and shows, and a fine beach, and close by are the most splendid pine woods. It is a very popular place. Shelley's boat went down just off Viareg-

gio, and there is a monument to him in the town, and a square, or piazza, named for him.

'When we were very young' we found an English magazine at Grammie's house, one day, that had a very big double-page picture in it of the burning of Shelley's body. It was copied from a painting in Liverpool, in the same gallery where the picture is of Dante and Beatrice that made us get acquainted with them. Sisser was particularly crazy about this picture of Shelley. She didn't know who Shelley was. But she used to look at it and feel so sorry, and say, '*Poor* Shelley!' And whenever anybody came to call, she'd run and get that picture and say: 'Do you want to see poor Shelley?'

We don't know much about Shelley's poems, yet. But we know a good deal about him, and were very interested to see where his boat went down, and, as we got almost to Pisa, where his body was washed ashore and burned. Shelley loved Italy, and the Italians seem to think a lot of him.

You ride to Pisa through pine woods, and they are lovely. And oh! that group of buildings at Pisa, which is the Cathedral and the Baptistery and the Leaning Tower and the Campo Santo (or Camp of the Saints, as they call the cemetery), is so very, very beautiful that we don't know how to tell you about it.

The buildings are out on the edge of town, and nothing else is near them. They are far enough apart so that you can look at each of them by itself. And they are all surrounded by acres of

green grass, which is full of babies and children playing, and mammas watching them and sewing their clothes, and papas resting themselves. We have never seen a cathedral in such a lovely place. Some of the English cathedrals have lots of beautiful green around them, but it isn't full of people enjoying themselves like those at Pisa.

The Leaning Tower looks just like its pictures. You can go up in it. And of course you'll buy a little copy of it, made of alabaster. We bought

one, and a copy of the Baptistery which we can put a light inside of, and it shines through just wonderfully. The pulpits in the Baptistery and the Cathedral are probably the most beautiful in the world. And the Baptistery has a wonderful echo in it. We tried it, of course. Some one told us that one day a man was trying it and the cus-

todian said to him, 'You have quite a good voice.' 'Thank you,' said the visitor; 'my name is Caruso.' We liked to think of Caruso's voice there, and of it coming back to him in the mysterious echoes. How we would wish that we could wake its echo up, and bring it out for us, if we didn't have all those glorious phonograph records that we love so much. We began loving Caruso when we were just babies. We can remember that we cried when we heard he was dead. And somehow we felt very near to him when we stood in that marvellous Baptistery and sent our voices up where he had sent his.

Mostly, though, we loved the *out*side of those glorious buildings, and the grass around them with all the people on it.

Well! here we are almost at the end of all the space we dare to take for Florence, and we haven't said anything yet about the two great galleries, which most people tell about first. We are not so very crazy about galleries; we get so tired in them, because there are so many things to see.

We may as well admit that we enjoyed the shops more. Florence shops are perfectly fascinating. The Ponte Vecchio has shops all along it, on both sides. You can't realize that you are on a bridge. *All* old bridges used to be like that, but hardly any of them are left, now. The Rialto, in Venice, is another that's left.

We think that the shops are a fine way to get interested in the galleries; because nearly all the things you buy in those adorable little shops (we specially liked the ones over on the south bank of

the river, near Via Bardi where Beatrice lived when she was Donna Bardi, and Romola lived, too) are copies of great and famous things that are in the museums. And after you have bought a little copy that you are going to take home, you feel as if you wanted to see the original. If you go to see it, and come away almost immediately, before you have begun to get tired and without trying to look at anything else unless it is something that you simply *have* to look at because it interests you so, *then* you can really enjoy going to a gallery. But if you begin at the front door and try to look at everything and know what it is, you just about *hate* them.

Nannie believes you can learn a lot in shops if you don't spend all the time bargaining, but get the people who run the shop to tell you things about their wares — which they always seem glad to do, if they see you are interested. But lots of travellers never say anything to them except '*How* much?' and '*Too* much!'

We bought ever so many little things at Florence. And oh! how we love them, now that we have them at home. Mostly, we can see every time we look at them just how the originals looked when we went to see them; and how the little shop looked that we got ours in; and what the person who waited on us told us about the thing we were buying, and about other things in the shop; and even recall our walks home, afterwards, carrying our purchases — especially when we went back over the Ponte Vecchio, and stopped in the middle where there is an open

space, with Cellini's bust in it, and looked up and down the Arno, and thought of all the wonderful people who have loved that view.

When you are at Santa Croce (which is a beautiful church, besides being interesting because so many famous people are buried there — like Galileo, and Michelangelo), go into a shop that's right by it where they make marble inlaid work that is wonderful, and you see tables of it in nearly every palace you visit. They can copy any picture, using tiny pieces of colored marble instead of paints. They let you watch them all you want to.

In other shops you can watch them making silver things, at forges; and in others you can see them cutting out marble statues. Lots of shops have women embroidering and making lace. At Fiesole you see them making straw hats.

Florence is very wonderful, of course; though many of the things that make it thrilling to grown-ups are things that children haven't yet learned very much about. But we think it's kind of hard not to get tired there, if you are a child.

There are gardens, of course — Botanical Gardens, and the beautiful Boboli Gardens — but you have to go to them, and somebody has to go with you, and they're more for sight-seeing than for playing in. At Naples we had a garden at our hotel, and many of the places we went to were places where we could play. At Rome, we played lots. At Venice, we were on the beach at the Lido, and played there half the time. In the Italian Lakes the gardens and play-places are the

most wonderful anybody could possibly imagine. In Florence we felt more 'city-fied.' But you mustn't think we didn't love it, too. Or that YOU won't!

CHAPTER IV

THE REST OF ITALY

I. HOW YOU TRAVEL IN ITALY AND HOW YOU LIVE

THIS chapter has to get in as much of all the rest of Italy as it can hold, because it's as much room as we dare to take. But though we have almost a whole book for Italy, the first thing we knew we were wishing we had a whole book for each town of Italy. So there you are! It's the way you feel when you're over there: the longer you stay in any place, the more you want to stay and stay. The only thing you can do is to make up your mind to that, and be cheerful about it. At least you know that all those wonderful places will stay right there and wait for you to come back and see them again, and again. And after you have been once, and found out how easy it all is, you begin — just about the day you get home! — to plan your next trip. *We* did!

Maybe, before we begin what little we have room for about Venice, and Verona, and the Italian Lakes, and Milan, and Genoa, and the Riviera (think of it! in one little chapter!) you'd like us to tell you a few things about travelling in Italy — how you do it, and what the hotels are like, and what you eat, and all that.

The trains (all those you'll travel on, and all others except a few local or suburban ones) are corridor trains and you can walk all through them

from one end to the other, under cover, just like ours at home. Only, instead of any cars with an aisle down the middle, like most of ours, all theirs have a corridor along one side and compartments opening off it. The compartments have glass windows, with curtains on, and a sliding glass-top door with a curtain. If you want to, you can shut the door and pull all the curtains, so nobody that's passing or standing in the corridor can look in at you. There are many, many windows all along the corridor (it is almost *all* windows!), and people stand up in it, lots of the time, and smoke, and talk to each other, and look out those windows. Then they go back into their own compartment and sit down again. Each compartment has two long seats in it, all nicely upholstered and with arm-rests that are partitions between the seats, but you can lift them back and lie down if there are not people in every seat. Six or eight people are in each compartment — six in first-class, and eight in second-class — and over their heads they keep their hand-baggage, in racks. Trunks are 'checked' just as at home, only they call it 'registering,' and you have to pay for every pound; but it is very little.

Between the two big outside windows in each compartment there is usually a little drop-table. The trains are kept very nice, and many of them are electric. There are lots of tunnels, because Italy has so many mountains. And the scenery, as you go along, is very beautiful and interesting.

The stations are nice; some of them are quite elegant. And as you go into Italian towns you

don't seem to go through horrid, slummy parts, that make you think the city must be awful — the way you so often do in America. Also, in nearly every Italian city, when you step out of the station you are in a beautiful big piazza, or square, that seems to give you a grand welcome.

There are dining-cars, called restaurant wagons, on nearly every train that goes a long way; and you get very good meals, usually. You don't choose — you eat what they give you, table d'hôte; but they give you so much that, even if there is one course or more that you don't like, you still have enough. There is always somebody in the dining-car (the conductor, usually) who speaks a little English — *enough!*

When you start on a journey that has a meal-time in it, the dining-car conductor usually comes through the train soon after it gets started, or even before, and asks everybody what time they want to eat. There may be three luncheons — 11.30, perhaps, 12.30, and 1.30 — first, second, and third service; they are all alike. You say which one you want, and he gives you a seat-ticket. You don't pay him — he just gives it to you so you know you'll have a place. Maybe all the places are given out for the hour you want when he gets to you. Then you have to do the best you can with what he has left. And just before each service he goes all through the train ringing a loud dinner-bell and calling out which service it is time for. Then, when everybody is seated, *that* service commences. Everybody gets the same thing at the same time.

There are sleeping-cars, too, for when you need them. They are a good deal like our compartment cars, only the berths run across the car instead of lengthwise, and the washroom is between each two compartments.

There are very fine automobiles in Italy, and wonderful drivers, and most of the roads are splendid. The others are being made better. If you can motor, you see ever so much more; because you can stop wherever you want to, and you get closer to people and see more of the way they live and all the interesting little things they do. We motored a lot, and we just adored it.

The hotels — the good ones, and there are heaps and heaps of those — are very, very fine. Some people seem to think baths are hard to get in Europe. We never saw such beautiful bathrooms as we had all through Europe. The only place in all our travels that we didn't have a great big gorgeous bathroom, with every kind of a thing in it like the beautiful bathroom pictures you see in magazine advertisements, was in the old, old Shakespeare Hotel in Stratford. In Italy we had marvellous bathrooms; even in an old Etruscan town like Perugia, our bathroom was what we call 'splendiferous.' Not every room has a bathroom, but just about every room in the good hotels has spick-and-span plumbing and hot and cold running water.

The furnishing of the hotels is beautiful. Some places it is so beautiful that you can hardly believe you are in a hotel at all, but think you must be visiting a queen, or somebody like that. Other

places (like Venice) the hotels are in old, old palaces, and they are very different from any you ever see in this country; but they are *very* comfortable, and *oh!* so interesting.

What do you eat in Italy? Yum! Yum! at least, that's the way we felt about it.

The regular breakfast that everybody has is just coffee or tea or chocolate or milk, and rolls with butter and strained honey. But you can have other things. We always had fruit, and milk or cocoa, and toast and jam, and boiled eggs when we wanted them, or breakfast bacon (or both!); but we didn't have any cereal as we did in Paris and England. We told all the hotel-keepers that American children like to have a cereal in the mornings, and they said they'd get some and have it for you when you come! The fruit, of course,

is too wonderful for words. The great big dark-red cherries we ate! And the strawberries — some wild ones as tiny as little wee French peas, and some 'tame' ones that were as big as huge plums! And the oranges! We used to drink

orangeade for lunch and dinner and in-between times. My! but it was good. They'd squeeze *two* luscious oranges into a big glass, put some sugar in, and fill it up with Fiuggi water, which is the fine mineral water you drink all through Italy. Many cities in Italy have splendid water. But it isn't good to change your drinking-water so often.

For luncheon you usually begin with relishes — like sardines and anchovies, and olives and radishes and slices of Italian sausage, and things like that. Next, you usually have spaghetti or ravioli or rissoto (which is like yellow rice) or some other of those things that belong to the macaroni family. And after that a meat course, with potatoes and vegetables, and a salad (always a plain lettuce salad with French dressing; they don't have fancy ones like we do) and mostly fruit for dessert. Sometimes ice cream, too.

For dinner you have awfully good soup, and fish (which we didn't often eat, because it made too much) and a roast of something, with potatoes and vegetables, and salad; and a fancy ice-cream-ish or other sweet; and fruit again.

You don't eat much in restaurants, in Italy — some in Rome, and a little in Venice and maybe in Milan — but mostly in your hotel, and mostly table d'hôte (that is, you don't choose). But we liked the food ever so much, and it agreed with us fine. In the good hotels you can get almost anything you want, if you have to have a 'diet,' or something like that.

Afternoon teas you get everywhere, and they are very good. Many places are famous for their

cakes. We think the Sicilian ice cream that you get in Piazza San Marco at Venice is marvellous. You can get good candies everywhere. There are soda fountains in Florence; and there may be some in other places.

You certainly don't need to be afraid that you'll be hungry in Italy!

Some people think it's dirty. In the poor parts of cities and in poor people's homes most everywhere it is certainly cluttery and untidy and looks far from clean, though they are learning to be cleaner. But in the hotels and places where travellers stay it is as clean as clean can be.

Now we must try to give you some idea of what you'll see in northern Italy after you leave Florence.

Probably we'd better get right on to Venice — although there's a lot to see on the way there.

II. VENICE — AT LAST!

If you go to Venice in an automobile, the nearest to it you can get is a place on the mainland that's called San Giuliano. There you have to leave your car, and you don't see it again till you start away from Venice.

Instead of an automobile, you have a cute little motor boat, with a cabin and some seats outside, to take you and your baggage — which you always call luggage in Europe; not because you want to imitate or put on airs, but because you want to save yourself time, and make people understand you; and it isn't courteous to make people try to understand *you* any more than is

necessary, for they have enough of it to do, goodness knows; so you make it as easy for them as you can, by using words they use, when you know what those words are.

The ride across the lagoons to Venice is simply thrilling, whether you take it in a motor launch or in a railway train that crosses the lagoons on a very long bridge — more than two miles long. If you go by train, you step out of a railway station, that looks — inside — like most any station, onto a platform that's right on the Grand Canal, the water swishing against it, lines of gondolas drawn up, waiting, instead of taxi-cabs, and busy 'street-car' steamers tooting and puffing up and down. A lovely time to get to Venice is in the evening, when the lights are all lighted and the serenaders are out on the Grand Canal.

You can't believe that you're not dreaming! It doesn't seem possible that a person in real life could be doing anything so romantic.

There isn't a horse or donkey or anything on wheels, in all Venice! Just boats, boats, boats! Big old scows that carry bricks and mortar and stuff like our freight trucks do, and that are poled along by boys and men who stand on the rim; these go into all the little canals, where there is hardly room for them to slip along between the houses. And other barges, very low so that the water almost washes over their edges, taking great loads of vegetables or fish or meat to the markets. Little steamboats for 'street cars,' and many saucy little motor launches that go dashing along, kicking up a great wave or wash behind

them, which makes all the gondolas rock and bounce.

The gondolas, you know, are very long, and painted black, and curve upwards at both ends. On the front end there is a steel thing with teeth that looks a little like a one-sided comb, and is

called the *ferro*. It is heavy, and balances the weight of the gondolier, who stands on the back end, with his long oar that rests in a queer-looking wooden thing that doesn't hold the oar at all, but is just something for it to lie against, and turn on. How in the world the gondoliers get those great long gondolas around all the sharp corners, and

through those narrow canals, which are mostly about twelve to fifteen feet wide, and often have 'traffic congestion' like busy streets, you need never expect to understand. But they do! And instead of honking horns, they have the most curious cries that they give to notify other gondoliers that they're going to turn a corner.

The passengers sit in the middle, where there are two high-backed, soft-cushioned, leather-covered stationary seats, facing forward, and a couple of little low-backed chairs that you can sit in, one along each side. We liked to sit down on the bottom of the gondola, sometimes — put a cushion off the little seats down there, and sit on it.

When you get into a gondola there is always a poor-looking old man with a long-handled hook, who holds the gondola close to the steps, so you don't fall into the water. He holds out his arm for you to steady yourself by, and when you are safe inside, he holds out his hat, and you give him a penny or so.

At the hotels, where you step right out of your gondola at the hotel door, they usually have a little broad platform that they put from the step of the hotel which is highest out of the water (and as there is tide, this isn't always the same one) to the edge of the gondola, and you walk on that. Gondolas look awful 'tippy,' but you never hear of one tipping over. And they certainly are *fun!*

We'll tell you the way we did at Venice, because we think it's a perfectly wonderful way for children to do who go to Italy in summer-time — as most children do.

We lived on the Lido, which is a long, narrow reef that protects Venice from the Adriatic Sea. This reef has the most magnificent beach in the world, we should think — miles long, very wide, sloping gently, fine, velvety sand, and hardly a pebble. The water is not cold, and the waves are just right for the most glorious bathing any one could possibly imagine. The Lido is full of hotels, seaside cottages, shops, and amusements.

The huge hotel we stayed at has a private beach — an immense one — and tennis courts, and every kind of thing for people to play *at* and play *with*. It is right on the ocean, and our rooms had little balconies that had tables and chairs on them, and awnings over them. Right down below us were the cute little private bath-houses that you rent by the week. They have awnings out in front of them, and canvas chairs that you can recline in, in your wet bathing-suit; and everything like that. You can have your lunch sent

down there if you want to, and served on a table underneath your awning.

We used to have our breakfast in our room, when we were wearing our nighties and kimonos. Then we'd read, and write letters home, and maybe play parchesi, or do something like that, for an hour or so. Then we'd get into our bathing-suits and go down on the sand, and play around for a while, and then go in the water. We always spent the whole morning on the beach, till about a quarter to twelve. Then we'd go in, and have a fresh-water bath in our own bathtub, and dress, and go down to catch the motor launch over to Venice. One leaves the hotel every hour, and the fare to Venice is five lire, which was between twenty-five and thirty cents when we were there. Sometimes we ate luncheon before we started — sitting by the open French windows beside the broad terrace, and looking out to sea. Sometimes we took an earlier boat, and lunched over in Venice, in one of the café-restaurants on Piazza San Marco.

In the afternoon, we'd go around Venice, seeing things and shopping. At tea-time we'd have ices or something in the Piazza, and listen to the music — every café has an orchestra.

Then we'd get a gondola and go for a nice long restful ride in the little, out-of-the-way canals. And maybe we'd go and sit for a while on one of the little terraces that some of the hotels on the Grand Canal have built out over the water, and watch all the going and coming there.

About seven o'clock or half-past, we'd have

dinner. And after it began to get real dusk, we'd get another gondola and go out again, and wait for the serenaders to come out, in their boats all strung with Japanese lanterns. They have a piano in their flat-bottomed barge, and quite a troupe of musicians — singers and players — who work at many kinds of things during the day and go out on the Canal evenings to earn a little extra.

They anchor their boat (usually there are three troupes, and they all anchor in the wide part of the Grand Canal near the Custom House and the place where the big yachts anchor, and the ocean steamers that go over to Trieste) and begin to play and sing; and the gondolas begin to gather around them like flies around a honey-pot. First there are two or three — then there are twenty or thirty or forty, huddled as close together as they can get. Every few minutes a man passes a tambourine or something to take up a collection; he steps from one gondola into another until he reaches the farthest; then he goes back, counts his money, sings another song, and starts out again.

Some people get mad when he's been back to them about the fourth or fifth time and they have given maybe as much as thirty or forty cents for about an hour of entertainment that two or three or four people in their gondola have not only enjoyed a lot, but that they will keep on enjoying, in their memories, for years and years to come. But there are maybe twenty people, giving their whole evening to provide something that every-

body who goes to Venice looks forward to and back upon as one of the most romantic parts of being in Venice. And you wouldn't think that people would try to get all that enjoyment and only pay the troupe a few pennies. But they do, sometimes. And it doesn't make the singers and players feel very good toward the ones who do it.

Some very big beautiful ocean-going steam yachts lie at anchor in the Venice basin for days at a time. They have gay parties aboard, and lots of servants. Night after night as we sat in our gondola, listening to the music from operas and to all the Italian songs like 'Maria, Mari,' 'Santa Lucia,' 'Cirri, birri, bi,' 'Funicoli, funicola,' etc., we could look in through the portholes of the yachts and see the people, all dressed up, eating dinner, and the servants waiting on them — all just like in a novel.

There was a United States destroyer there, too, and lots of jolly Jackies who hung over the rail and joined in the choruses of the songs they knew.

The spot where most of the serenaders stay is not far from the church called Santa Maria della Salute that you see in nearly every picture of Venice. Behind it is another big canal, much wider and bigger than the Grand Canal, that is called the Giudecca, and in it are anchored sailing vessels from far and near, with their wings folded and everything dark and still about them except their little lanterns and maybe a sailor or two singing as they hear the familiar songs floating across the still water.

When you look the other way, you see the

great Campanile soaring into the sky, and the domes of San Marco, and the pillars on the Piazzetta (one with the winged lion of Saint Mark on it, and the other with Saint Theodore and his crocodile), and the Doge's pink-and-white palace that looks as if it couldn't have been made for anything but a fairy tale. The lights along the shore are twinkling. Perhaps the moon is shining. The stars look bigger and brighter than you ever realized they could be. You feel millions of miles away from everything prosaic — as if you were floating up among worlds where there is only Bliss.

While you're doing this, you know that you're one of the most fortunate persons alive. But when you have come home, and are looking back at it, *then* is when it gets to be even more precious and thrilling to you. *Then*, every time you hear the least strain of one of those songs, you are back there again, on your magic carpet — and the gondolas are riding gently on the waves that the motor boats make; the Jackies are hanging over the destroyer's rail and singing the choruses; the people on the yachts look as if they were eating nightingales' tongues (though maybe it is only spaghetti!); and you are gliding over, past the Bridge of Sighs to catch your ten o'clock launch for home and the ocean breezes.

You mustn't think that Venice hasn't any streets but wat'ry ones. She has lots and lots of others, but no traffic in them — only people walking. The only way you can ride in Venice is on the water-streets which are called *rii* — they

are the little canals; there are about a hundred and fifty of them. The Grand Canal is 'Main Street'; it is about two and a half miles long, and kind of wiggles through Venice like an *S* that's upside down. Some places it is as wide as two hundred feet and over, and some places it isn't more than a hundred feet. Most of the houses on it are palaces, built hundreds of years ago; but hardly any of them are used as palaces now. Those that people live in are mostly 'apartments'; only a few are occupied by just one family. Others are hotels and 'antique' shops and things like the Post Office, the Town Hall, and schools and banks and museums.

The front doors of most all the houses that are on canals are right on the water, and water washes over their white-marble front steps. When a motor launch or 'street car' makes big waves, they splash up against the houses.

On the other streets that are not water-streets, the shops and houses are more like what you see in other cities. Only there is no traffic, and people walk any place in the street and don't have to watch out for anything.

It is the greatest fun to go walking in Venice. Almost every minute or two you have to cross a funny little bridge that humps up high in its middle so the standing gondoliers can get under it without stooping much, if any; you go up steps to the bridge, and down steps from the bridge; and walk a little way, and then you have to cross another! There are more than three hundred bridges in Venice. Only two of them cross the

Grand Canal. One is the famous Rialto, which humps up in the middle, too, and has shops all along both sides of it; when you go under it the gondolier makes a big echo for you. The other

bridge over the Grand Canal is an ugly iron one that was built not so long ago. If you are not near either of these bridges and want to cross the Grand Canal, you can go to a gondola station, which is something like a taxi-stand, and get a gondola to take you across for about a penny; but you are supposed to stand up — or, that is, the Venetians seem to, when they are being ferried.

All through the city there are little open spaces, some of them with pretty trees in, others without any shade; but many of them have lovely old carved marble wells. These places are where the children play. Nothing in Venice is more than a few feet from water, from a canal; but even the babies don't seem to fall in. And you see little bits of boys playing in and around the tied-up boats and gondolas, learning to handle the long oars or poles, and nobody seems to be worrying about them.

You can look into houses and workshops a lot, in Venice, as you go along the small canals in your slow old gondola, and see what people are doing.

Many of the houses are the loveliest colors you can imagine, especially the pinky-red ones with lots of wistaria or other vines growing on them. Nearly every house along the small canals and streets has flowers in its windows and cages of birdies that sing beautifully.

Some of the housekeepers are not so very tidy — they throw stuff in the canals; and some of the workmen do, too. But the tide washes it away, after a while. When you are in Venice, you have to make yourself remember that it is the home of about 160,000 people who live and work there in conditions that we would think were awfully inconvenient; and that we mustn't be too surprised if they don't keep every inch of it slicked up for visitors, which they have all the time. It really is wonderful, the way they manage. We don't believe we'd do it half as well.

There is such a lot to say about Venice! It is

so different from any other place in the world. It is a perfect story-book and picture-book and play and opera in *itself*. And you have to be there a little while before you can make yourself think much about the things that have happened there.

When we were *very* young, we used to play with the bronze gondola, as we told you, and with picture postcards of Venice. We knew the names of lots of things in Venice, and we liked them because they were pretty words to say: Cam-pan-*eel*-y; Col-*leo*-ny; Pee-at-zet-ta; and so on. Betty took a great fancy to the statue of Colleoni on his horse. Nobody could tell just why. She liked the huge plaster cast of it in our Art Museum in Chicago. And she didn't seem to care about the other big one that stands beside Colleoni at home, and whose original is in Padua — Donatello's statue of a soldier named Gattamelata; which we saw, too, on this trip.

She wanted to see Colleoni when she got to Venice. We both wanted to feed the pigeons in the Piazza. We both wanted to go to the island of Murano and visit a glass factory, and have little glass dogs made for us, while we watched, by a boy that's learning to blow glass. We both wanted to see the bronze men on the clock-tower who strike the hours with their hammers.

We had heaps of things that we wanted to see and do. And we 'most went crazy with joy when we got there. To live on the seashore, with all *that* fun, and then go in twenty minutes, past fascinating islands, over to a place like Venice,

seemed almost *too* much bliss. But we lived through it!

We can't tell you all about it, though. We'd need a whole book for that. All we can do is to mention a few things.

One of them is shopping. It is more fun to shop in Venice! First, there's the great Piazza, in front of Saint Mark's Cathedral, an immense rectangle with arcades around three sides of it, and ever so many shops, besides cafés, and the King's palace, and other things. The shops sell beads — just about millions of beads, which are made over on Murano; bead necklaces and bead flowers and bead bags and bead lampshades. In one shop they had bead birds to put over electric lights: parrots and other brilliant-colored birds, and some owls. Also, they have beautiful clusters of glass wistaria to put over light-bulbs. They have lots of beautiful lace, but we didn't care so much about that; we are kind of young, yet, to care about lace tablecloths and so on.

We bought a bronze gondola which is an ink-well; and a Venetian glass vase shaped like a dolphin, which is a very popular shape in Venice; and bead necklaces for ourselves and for presents; and lots of pictures; and a great many little things as souvenirs.

We bought books, too. Mr. Ongania, who keeps the nicest bookstore, is one of the people we liked best in Venice. You learn so many interesting things when he talks to you. We went to his shop several times, and bought books there, and looked at other books we couldn't buy.

There was another shop we had always wanted to go to, because Grammie and Nannie have so many lovely things they bought there. But the man who owns it acted as if he thought children are nothing at all. So we didn't like it there. We think it is a great mistake to act that way. But if it's the way you feel, maybe you can't help it.

We didn't do much 'sight-seeing' in Venice; because Venice is such a 'sight' in itself; and, anyway, we don't care much about sight-seeing — as you may have found out!

We didn't try to think of all the history of Saint Mark's nor study its architecture, nor anything like that. We liked best to sit out in the Piazza, afternoons, at ice-cream time, eating Sicilian ice cream, listening to the nearest orchestra, watching the babies feeding the pigeons (the Piazza is just *full* of babies, toddlers, about that time, with their nurses or their parents or their big brothers and sisters), and looking every now and then at the front of Saint Mark's which is nearly covered with mosaics in the most glorious colors that show up wonderfully when the afternoon sun is shining on them. And out on the balcony above the main door, are the four gilt-bronze horses that have travelled so far and wide. They were in Constantinople (and some say that before that they were Nero's, and were in Rome) and were brought to Venice about 1200. Napoleon carried them off to Paris, and they were on top of one of his arches there, at the entrance to the Tuileries Palace. Then they came back to Venice. And during the World War they were

sent down, with Colleoni, to Rome, for fear Venice would be taken by the Austrians.

One afternoon, when we went for a gondola ride, we stopped at a palace that's lived in now by a prince and princess, and is full of beautiful things. They are not in Venice much of the time; and when they are not, they let people go through their lovely house — which we think is very nice of them. It is called the Giovanelli Palace.

That day we also stopped at a church called the Frari, or Friars — a Franciscan church, where Titian is buried and where one of his very famous pictures is; also a very beautiful Madonna by another Venetian painter, called Bellini. Canova is buried in that church, too. He was a sculptor who lived in Napoleon's time. He made

the 'Cupid and Psyche' that you see so many copies of all over the world.

It was some kind of children's festival that day, and the Frari was just swarming with small children who were too cute and darling for words, all dressed up and carrying sprays of Annunciation lilies. It would be hard to imagine that a big old church could be so full of youngness and religion that was certainly *enjoying* itself! Mostly, the people you see in churches look so sad — as if nobody went to God's house unless he was in a peck of trouble. But those youngsters were having a grand time, and so were their proud mammas and grandmas, and some papas and grandpas, too. And we are ever so glad we saw them. Some of the tiniest girls looked just like dollies, with their white veils and wreaths of flowers, and long dresses, and lily sprays. And in the sacristy, where we went to see the Bellini Madonna, there were the choir boys, with their cassocks and surplices (or whatever is the name for what they wear), looking like teeny-weeny cherubim, and 'biffing' one another in the eye every time the priest who is the choir-master wasn't looking.

We went to one more church — the one beside where the Colleoni statue is; not because it is where many of the Doges are buried, but because it has a chapel with some very beautiful sculpture in it that we have pictures of, at home. This chapel was burned, about sixty years ago, and the sculpture was badly damaged; but what there was left of it we liked awfully well. It seemed to us that we had hardly ever seen any sculptured

people who looked so much like *real* people and not statues. These sculptures are *not* statues; they are in a kind of carved-out frieze, that tells the story of Jesus' birth and babyhood.

We liked the Colleoni statue even better than we thought we were going to. We don't know anything about Colleoni, yet. We don't know much about Verrocchio, who began the statue — except that he was Donatello's pupil and Leonardo's teacher. We don't know why we like Colleoni — but we *do!* See if *you* do! Maybe you can tell *why!*

In Venice, the funerals have to be by gondolas, over to the island, near Murano, where the cemetery is. You may see one, when you are over on that side of Venice — which is the north. They are very picturesque.

And the 'police wagon' has to be a boat, too! You see it, sometimes; also the Red Cross ambulance boats; and the 'mail-wagon' boats!

There is no use trying to get in even the most important things about Venice. So we had better stop. Except that we *must* mention Marco Polo, who was a boy of fifteen when he set out from Venice, in 1271 (when Dante was six years old) to go on his first visit to Kubla Khan. It took him (and his father and uncle) nearly four years to get to the Khan's Court, which was near Peking. And it was twenty years more before they got back to Venice — where nobody knew them, and everybody made fun of their funny clothes and queer speech, and said, 'How funny!' (just as we did at first, when we started travelling

and meeting new things) when Marco tried to tell them about all the wonders he had seen. You can go to where his house was. And what is very interesting is to think that Saint Mark's and the Doge's Palace, and the Piazza, and all around there is just as he knew it when he was a little boy. Even the bronze horses were there, looking down on it all. And the columns out on the Piazzetta, by the water's edge.

III. SHAKESPEARE'S STORIES BEGIN TO COME TRUE

Now, almost the most wonderful thing that happened to us in Venice was the different kind of interest we got in Shakespeare. Some of it we got there, and some in Padua, and some in Verona.

The way we got it was *this:*

Of course, when you see a house on the Grand Canal that a gondolier says is Desdemona's house, you try to remember about her, and you ask some questions, and one of the questions you ask is, 'Was she a real person?' When you find out that she wasn't, but that Shakespeare must have got her out of a collection of Italian stories, you naturally want to know if he was ever in Venice; and if he wasn't, how did he come to write so many plays about Venice and Verona and Padua and all these places. You keep on and on, asking questions about him (at least, *we* did!) because the answer to each one is the kind of thing that makes you want to ask a lot more.

We asked so many questions about Shake-

speare, while we were in Venice and that part of Italy, that he got *much* more real to us than he had ever been before. We believe he was over there! Maybe he wasn't; but we like to think so. Certainly he is there *now*, almost as much as in Stratford. After we had been at Stratford, and had seen 'The Taming of the Shrew' played at the Shakespeare Theatre, and had heard 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Paris Opéra, we decided that Italy is a better place to get truly acquainted with Shakespeare than England is. He doesn't seem English, at all! And after you have been in Italy, you feel that he *must* have been there, too. He could take his stories from Italian books, of course. But — well! we're going on believing he was there, until we have to stop it.

IV. AFTER VENICE!

When we left Venice, we went to Padua for just a little while, to see Gattamelata, and to go into a church called Madonna dell' Arena, where there are some pictures by Giotto which tell the story about the marriage of the Virgin and Joseph and show the other suitors and their wands. We said in Perugia we were going to see these.

We didn't care so very much about Padua when we were there. But when we were away over in Stratford, and saw 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and found out that Petrucchio came from Padua, we felt sort of acquainted with him, right away — though we had been in Padua such a short time. That is the way about places you go. You may enjoy them a lot or only a little while you're

there. But afterwards, you're *so* much more interested in everything you read or hear about them.

From Padua we went to Verona, where we visited Juliet's tomb, and saw the statue of Shakespeare that's beside it. And after that, we could hardly wait to see the play or hear the opera. When we heard the opera, in Paris, we were thrilled 'most to pieces. Everything about it seemed so *familiar* to us! We had to laugh at ourselves; because, really, what you see in Verona doesn't look the least like the gorgeous palace and garden scenes in the opera, as they put it on in Paris. And certainly the tomb you see doesn't look like the tomb scene on the stage. Yet, just because we had been in Verona, we felt that we were almost *in* the story.

There is a big Colosseum in Verona, the next biggest after the one at Rome. Sometimes they have opera there.

The time when Romeo and Juliet are supposed to have had their sad love-story is just about the time when Dante came to Verona. He was exiled from Florence, and the rulers of Verona made him welcome as their guest.

V. A SCENE IN A FAIRY PLAY

From Verona we went to a place you may not go, because it is quite out of the way; but we loved it so that we can't bear not to mention it. Its name is Torbole, and it is away up at the top of Lake Garda, which is the largest of the Italian Lakes. Torbole used to be in Austria, and it had a

pretty bad time during the War. But now it is in Italy. It is just a little place, and has nothing very special about it. But when we got there we said, 'Oh, let's stay here a *long* time!'

There were hardly any other people in the hotel, because it was not the season when many people go there. But we didn't mind that. There wasn't any music nor anything going on; there wasn't anybody to play with nor anybody to pay attention to us as they did at so many places. The food wasn't 'extra'; in fact, it was the poorest we had had. And yet we keep talking about that place, and talking about it, because it was so beautiful. Nannie says she didn't know that children cared so much for beautiful scenery. But evidently we *do*.

There was another thing: the fireflies. We have never seen so many fireflies in our lives. The lovely gardens and terraces along the lake, where the roses were in bloom, were just full of little flashing, twinkling lights, as dusk came on. It was like a scene in a fairy play. We caught dozens of the fireflies and kept them in our handkerchiefs, to see their lights shine through; they'd go right on twinkling; and pretty soon we'd let them go again. We pretended lots of things about them.

Maybe that was why we loved Torbole so much: it was just like an enchanted place that we had come to and found waiting for us to step in and make it our own.

The lake isn't very wide, up there at its tip-top; and the mountains are close to the water, and

close to one another on each side of the lake. We could stand on our terrace, with the pink roses climbing all over its stone balustrade, and look up, up, the mountains on both sides of us, and then down the lake as it got wider and wider, still with mountains on both shores. We saw a little steamer that had been hours coming up the lake. It called at a village on one side, and then went across to a village on the other side, and

then went away, on down the lake again; and we were so glad to be left behind. We pretended it was looking for us, to take us away, and that it couldn't see us because our garden was enchanted.

It wasn't really a very fierce-looking steamer; and it didn't even make much noise. But you could feel that anything was a dragon if it came and took you away from such a place.

We think that when children are travelling in Europe (and when big people are, too!), it does them just worlds of good to get, every little while, into a place where they don't try to remember anything they've seen, or plan about anything they're going to do — but just pretend that they're lost out of the world; and that when a steamer (or something) came looking for them, it couldn't find them and had to go back without them.

When we left Torbole, we went to two other places on Lake Garda: Riva, which is close by; and Gardone, which is quite a way down the lake, and takes about three hours in an automobile. That was another day when we had a picnic — on the way to Gardone.

Gardone is very beautiful, too; but in a different way. The lake is much wider there, and has islands in it, which are very picturesque. The mountains seem much farther away. The hotel is very fine, and nobody ever (we're sure) saw anything lovelier than its terraces along the lake. We liked it, lots; but it isn't a fairy-tale place, like Torbole; it's more like out of a novel (a love-story!) or a play.

VI. MILAN

From there we went to Milan.

We liked Milan; but we don't seem to have much to say about it. We thought the cathedral was wonderful. We were glad to see 'The Last Supper,' by Leonardo, because we have an engraving of it at home and have known about it for a long time. And we love all the stories we know about Leonardo; he was so interesting. When he was painting this fresco of 'The Last Supper' for the monks of Delle Grazie, he was very dawdling (as he nearly always was, because he had so many kinds of things he was working on), and the abbot got very cross and impatient with him. Finally, the abbot complained to the ruler of Milan, who lived in the castle that you see there, and who was the one that had brought Leonardo to Milan. And when this duke told Leonardo how mad the abbot was, Leonardo said: 'Tell him I can't finish the picture till I find a model for Judas. And if he doesn't stop bothering me, I'll paint *him* in for Judas.'

And the abbot was afraid he *would!*

We didn't care much for the castle at Milan — it looks so new. But whenever we think of it, we have to laugh. We had taken a little open carriage, to drive around in. And Nannie told the driver to go to the park (where the castle is) and then to where 'The Last Supper' is. We saw the castle, and then we thought we were going to see the picture. We kept driving, and it was lovely in the park, and shady. And pretty soon, we were at the castle again. We wondered why — al-

though we had said we wanted to drive in the park — but we didn't say anything. We drove quite a bit more; and there was the castle! So we had to pull the driver's coat-tails, that were hanging down behind, and tell him that we had seen the castle enough. He evidently liked being in the park. And we did, too. But we wonder how many times he would have taken us round and round, if we hadn't said anything. We're kind of sorry we didn't wait and see. He would probably have stopped at lunch-time, anyway! We had hired him by the hour, and he was spending the time in the pleasantest place he knew — because it was a warm morning.

When you go to see 'The Last Supper,' be sure to go to a very old church which is not far from there: Sant' Ambrogio, which goes back to the times of Charlemagne, and has an atrium in front of it, as many churches used to do in olden times. This is a very 'olden-times' sort of church, that makes you think of things like Crusaders.

And we think you ought surely to see those drawings, in the Ambrosian Library (which is near the cathedral) that show how near Leonardo came to inventing airplanes. The way he got thinking about it was when he was painting wings on angels. He said it was ridiculous to paint a little teensy wing on a big tall angel, that wouldn't hold him up at all. He watched birds, and saw how wide their wings stretched, in proportion to their bodies. Then, when he began calculating how big angels' wings ought to be, he got thinking what would help men to fly. And

he came very near finding out how to do it. You can see his drawings in that library, which is the one where the present Pope used to be librarian. There are some lovely pictures there, too.

The big picture gallery at Milan is a fine one, but we didn't go into it, though we wanted to see Raphael's picture of the Virgin's Marriage. We mean to go, next time; and also to see the place that Nannie loves so much, which is called the Museo Poldi-Pezzoli, and is a rich gentleman's house left just as he lived in it, with all his treasures about him. He died about fifty years ago.

There wasn't any opera when we were there at the very famous opera house of La Scala. We hope there will be next time we go; and that it will be a Verdi opera. Because he lived and died in Milan, and wrote many of his operas there.

Milan has a very big galleria, like the one we told you about at Naples: shops and restaurants, and people walking about under the huge glass roof, and orchestras playing. It is across the street from the cathedral.

We don't think we would care to stay a long time in Milan. But we hope to go there very often — because if we do it will be because we're going to the Italian Lakes!

VII. WORDS ARE JUST NOTHING WHEN THEY TRY TO TELL ABOUT THE ITALIAN LAKES

Nobody can tell you what the Italian Lakes are like. Painters can do it best. But words are just nothing.

We have a book at home (or Grammie has,

rather) with pictures of the lakes that are made from beautiful paintings, and in colors. And there is where we first got the ideas of them that made us want to go. We knew they were lovely, but we didn't know *how* lovely they were.

There are three lakes that most travellers go to. One is named Como, and one is Lugano, and one is Maggiore — which means May. Not so many go to Garda, which is hard for us to understand. Then there are two little lakes, Varese and Orta, where mostly the people from Milan go — where they have summer homes. And there are some more. A wonderful thing to do would be to stay around there all summer and visit all the lakes, and some of Switzerland, and go over to the Dolomites, which are Alps that are full of gorgeous colored rocks and have the most kinds of beautiful wild flowers that anybody could wish to see. Then you could go down to Venice for a while, and go back by way of *more* lakes. We mean to do this some time. We think it would be a marvellous way for children to spend a summer. They would learn so much, and have *such* a beautiful time!

Lake Como is about twenty-eight miles from Milan. You can go by train; but we hope you won't! For one of the most wonderful things you see in Italy that men have recently made is the road to the lakes, that's called the Autostrada. This is a great, wide boulevard, as smooth as a billiard-table, and only automobiles can go on it — no carts nor bicycles nor motor-cycles, nor people on foot. And no road crosses it or lets

traffic into it! All the roads run *under* it, as if it were a railroad without grade crossings. You can get on it only from the *ends*. And when you are on, you skim along and never stop, never honk, never turn out — just keep going quietly along. It is the most marvellous sensation! Probably in a few years there'll be a lot of roads like that, and everybody will be used to them. But just now, it's thrilling; because you feel as if you were 'trying-out' a kind of thing which everybody knows has *got* to come, but only a few people have seen, yet.

The town of Como is quite large (nearly 40,000 people), and when we went there it was having an exposition to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of Volta's death. Volta, for whom electrical 'volts' are named. He was born at Como. Both the Plinys were born there too. Volta used to teach physics at Como. There was a postage stamp of him issued, that Betty has in her stamp collection with her other commemorative stamps — like the Beethoven one, also of 1927, and a Saint Francis one of 1926, and lots of others. Lindy's, for instance! You certainly think a lot of stamps like those when you have been where the celebration *was*.

We went to the Volta Exposition. It wasn't so very interesting to us, because we don't understand much about electrical things. But we were glad we could go. We may *never* understand much about electrical things; but we'll always hear more or less about 'volts' and 'voltage,' and when we do, we'll think of Volta living on the shores of lovely Lake Como.

And then we came to Villa d'Este! At Rome, we went out to Villa d'Este and played in the gardens. At Cernobbio, on Lake Como, we *lived* in a Villa d'Este which is far, far lovelier. It is now a hotel, but you can't realize that it is. You think you are visiting the loveliest lady any one could wish to meet, with the most beautiful great house, like a queen's palace. Everybody acts as if they were visiting her, and she acts as if they were too.

When Nannie was a little girl, one of her 'favorite pretends' was that she owned a big beautiful house in grounds that were like a park, and she had lots of people visiting her, and there was just *everything* for them to do to have a happy time. Well! that's not 'a pretend' with Madame Dombré. She even has a private country club for them to go to when they want to play golf.

It is hard to tell you about such gardens and grounds, because if anybody *did* have the words to do it, you'd say he must be 'making it up.'

But, anyway, we can't do it.

Lake Como is a funny-shaped lake. On the map it looks like a very tall man with a long skinny body and long skinny legs spread out as if he was taking a great big seven-league stride. The legs even have the knees bent. The 'man' is marching toward the west. The 'part of him' that most people know best is his leg that's stepping forward. The town of Como is at the toe of this leg, and Cernobbio (where Villa d'Este is) is on the top of its instep. Bellagio is up at the crotch between the legs. When you are at Bel-

lagio you can look down both 'legs' and up the 'body' of this marvellous man who is like three lakes.

Bellagio is the place we'd pick for children to stay who could spend a month, or all summer. Many people who have travelled far and wide think Bellagio is the most beautiful place they have ever seen. *We* think that when a place is as beautiful as Bellagio, there isn't any use of arguing about whether there is or could be anything lovelier. If there is anything more beautiful than Bellagio, we should think it would *hurt* — like sunshine that's *too* bright.

For one thing, Bellagio is a perfectly darling old town (if you can call something a town that has only about nine hundred inhabitants), with streets that are steps going up the hill. Some of the people weave silk, and some weave lovely straw baskets, and some do wonderful wood-carving. You can wander up and down the steep old 'streets' (which are just flights of stairs, really) and look into houses and watch what people are doing, which is so interesting that you'd hardly ever get tired of doing just that. But when you begin to get acquainted with the people it is even more interesting. They are very easy to get acquainted with. And, somehow, you can do it even if they don't speak English. One thing we learned was how well acquainted people can get, if they want to, even if they can't say much to each other. There are lots of things that you can *do*, to show that you're friends.

The shops at Bellagio are perfectly fascinating.

They are for the visitors, of course. Such a little town wouldn't have any need for shops and shops and shops full of beautiful things.

There's the town; and there's the lake — which is like three lakes that are very different. That leg that's stepping forward is where the most beautiful villas are and the finest hotels. The

other leg is like another part of Italy, that might be far, far away. And the 'body' part is very different, too.

There are steamers going everywhere, and fast little motor launches that just flash through the waters, and almost the most picturesque sailboats in the world, with very high sails like pairs of curtains hung from a rod at the top of a tall mast; and a thing like the ribs of a whale (only made of wood) arching over the body of the boat to support a canvas cover which they can have on or off as they like.

If you stay at Bellagio, you can go on a different kind of excursion every day for a month — if you want to; but you have so much right there that it's hard to think of going away to see anything else.

We stayed at the Grand Hotel, which is on the edge of the lake and has lovely gardens and terraces. And we went up to Villa Serbelloni to play. We think the woods and grounds around Villa Serbelloni are the most romantic and beautiful we have ever seen; and it seems to us that we could play in them forever and never get tired or want to go away. Pliny (not the old admiral who was killed near Pompeii, but his nephew) had a villa up there, in the first century. And somebody or other has had one there ever since — we believe — a villa or a castle. There are caves and grottoes and deep, thick woods, and then there are magnificent terraces with gorgeous flowers blooming on them, and little arbors for tea, and chairs like deck chairs to stretch out in and read

or 'nap' or just lie and try to make yourself believe it's really YOU. The villa is a hotel now that belongs to the Grand Hotel. We can't decide whether we'd rather stay up there, next time, or be down close to the water's edge again. But either place is just as near perfection as we can imagine. There is everything to do that makes a good time, or you can be off by yourself almost as if you were 'miles from anywhere.' There is history all about you. There are fascinating things to watch, and learn from. There is almost everything you can think of that is picturesque: grand mountains and the loveliest lakes in the world; quaint old towns and the most gorgeous villas and gardens. The people use white oxen for

their heavy hauling and ploughing, and little donkeys to carry smaller things in panniers (you keep thinking of 'a man's ox and his ass' like the Bible says), and they have a curiously shaped basket tied to their own backs; it is almost as tall as they are, very small at the bottom and very big at the top. They carry all sorts of things in it, and still have their hands free to use.

We mustn't try to tell any more about Bellagio. But we hope with all our hearts that ever so many of you who read this will go and see it, and stay as long as you can, and get acquainted with all that country roundabout.

Lake Lugano is lovely, too. And so is Lake Maggiore. You could hardly find a place all through there that isn't beautiful and interesting, for children and grown-ups. And the roads are fine for motoring; so if your parents wanted to leave you there while they 'explored,' it would be perfect for everybody.

It is like visiting, there too. Mr. and Mrs. Bucher, who own the hotel, live there with their children, and they know everything to do to make you have a happy time and help you *learn* things that are interesting to know. They understand just what children like and ought to have.

People usually go to the lakes on their way from Italy into Switzerland, or *vice versa*. You can go from Lake Como or Lugano up to Lucerne, and from Lake Maggiore to Montreux and Vevey and Lausanne, and Geneva. Any way you go, you have to tunnel through the Alps, or else climb over them — unless you go down from the lakes to Milan, and then on down to Genoa, and along the Riviera.

We went down through France to Nice and along to Genoa, and then to Naples, and back all the way through Italy to its very north border; and from there over the Alps, by way of the Saint Gotthard Pass, to Lucerne — as we'll tell about in our next chapter.

But before we go on to that, we must say a little something about Genoa and the Italian Riviera.

VIII. RETURNING COLUMBUS'S CALL

We motored from Nice to Genoa. It was our first experience of crossing a frontier between two countries, and we were very much interested in it. It seems so strange that you can almost have one foot in France and the other in Italy and not notice any difference between the two countries.

The real boundary comes about two miles out of Mentone; but you go about five miles farther before you come to the French and Italian custom houses. First you have to get yourself out of France, and then you have to get yourself into Italy. But it isn't so much trouble as it sounds, if you have your passport and those things called 'visas.' The passport is what your country gives you to show that you are its citizen, and to let you come back to it again without any examination to see if they want you. And the visa is a stamp that is put on your passport by any consul of a country you want to visit. You don't need any visa for Switzerland. You don't need any for Holland or Belgium unless you are going to stay longer than most travellers do. For Germany you have to have a visa, but they don't charge for it. But England and France and Italy charge ten dollars each. We charge it, too, for foreigners who want to come here. Maybe this will be stopped soon.

We didn't have any trouble at any frontier or

in any custom house. But you hear some people tell about having all kinds of trouble. Sometimes there is a cranky man who likes to make people miserable. And sometimes people are at fault, themselves. We saw a lady at Chiasso, on the border between Italy and Switzerland, who was a member of a party on tour, and couldn't think where her passport was. Maybe she had left it in the last hotel they had stayed at; maybe she had packed it away. Anyhow, she didn't have it, and of course they wouldn't let her cross the border. And everybody was being held up, because the leader of the party didn't like to go on and leave her alone. We don't know what happened, because we couldn't wait to see. But she probably had to go back, in the country she was in (which was Switzerland), to wherever there was a town big enough to have a United States consul in. And it would be his business to get her another passport and help her catch up with her party.

It is very interesting, when you are abroad, to go to consulates, once in a while, and try to realize what they do and why they are needed, and what the difference is between them and embassies.

We were not at all glad to leave France, but we couldn't help being excited when we knew that we were in Italy. Even Nice was Italy, not so very long ago; so you don't notice any great difference in the country as you step across from where France now ends to where Italy now begins. But almost immediately you begin to notice the difference in the people — not so much in the way they look, as in the things they do. We began

getting the Fascisti salute, seeing Mussolini's pictures; signs were in Italian; we saw lots of Black Shirts — young men of the Fascisti organizations — and the bushy heads of hair in high, high 'pompadours' that seem to be the style for young men in Italy.

The soldiers look quite different from the French soldiers — grayish-greenish uniforms instead of bluish-grayish. The policemen look different. There are fine police in many countries of Europe — fine-looking and very nice to you if you can make them understand; but really nothing anywhere else that is quite so impressive as the Italian soldier-police called 'carabinieri.' You always see them in pairs. And they look so healthy and so immaculate, as if everything about them was a hundred per cent. They wear hats kind of like Napoleon's. But they don't look old-fashioned at all — they look very 'smart' and up-to-date.

Pretty soon we could notice that the towns seemed quite different from those in France — not the fashionable resort towns, but the little places in between them. We were interested in Bordighera, on account of the sailor who cried, 'Wet your ropes,' when the obelisk was about to fall in Rome. We had luncheon at San Remo, in a hotel with lovely gardens. Then we went on along the shore, where there is one seaside place after another, nearly all with fine hotels and villas, and beautiful palms and flowers and beaches that made us crazy to stop and swim — only we didn't have any towels to get dry with,

and it would be hard to carry our dripping-wet bathing-suits in the car.

It was about six o'clock when we got to Genoa. We had left Nice about ten.

Genoa is a beautiful city — not so much in the old and 'downtown' parts of it (though it has fine palaces) as in the new parts where you can see more of the Mediterranean.

They paint the outside of houses in Genoa much more than in any other place we saw. Not painting in one color with maybe 'trims' of another, like we do — but designs all over, and even pictures!

One thing that interested us a lot was the way they paint on 'windows,' which are not really windows at all, but only look like them — a *little!* Sometimes they paint the curtains; and we saw some where they had painted people peeking out through the curtains to see who was coming.

They began doing this when there was a tax on every window if it was a real one. If they wanted to look grand and not pay many taxes, they had a few windows that were real, and let light in, and others that were just painted on. Sometimes they'd just paint a window-frame about like children make when they first draw a house and put windows in it. But mostly they'd paint shutters on the windows, like the real windows have. They have a kind of shutter in Italy that has slats in, and lets in only little cracks of light and air, but they can kind of tip it outward something like an awning, when they want to sit and look out into the street.

We used to count painted windows as we drove along. Each of us would take a side of the road or street, and see whose side had the most painted windows on.

What we were most interested in, at Genoa, was the house where Columbus was born, and the church where he was baptized. Some people (Spanish people) say, now, that he was born in Spain, and wasn't an Italian at all. We don't know, of course; but we *hope* he was born in Genoa. We think Spain has enough honor in having helped him, and having him buried there, and in all he helped Spain to own — for a while.

We like to think that he was a little urchin playing in the streets of Genoa, once. Genoa is where Marco Polo was in prison, when he told the stories of his adventures to his fellow prisoners, and one of them who could write wrote

those adventures down. John Cabot came from Genoa, too. When he lived there his name was Giovanni Caboto.

We are very, very interested in all the men who were discoverers of America, of the New World. Some day soon (maybe next summer — before you read this) we hope to go to Norway and learn a lot about the Norsemen and Vikings. They say that Columbus was in Iceland, once, and there he studied all the documents that tell about Leif Ericson's voyage to 'Vinland.' We have been promised a look at those documents when we go to Copenhagen, where they are now. Won't that be thrilling?

Well! we really *must* say good-bye to Italy, much as we hate to. We saw a good deal of it. But we know that we only just *began* to know it, to feel acquainted. We hope to go back to it a great many times, and we are sure that we'll love it better and better each time — though it doesn't seem, now, as if we *could* love it more.

Italy certainly 'does something to you,' and you can never be the same again as you were before you knew her. She makes everything in life seem so much more important and interesting. Writers and painters and sculptors and musicians and architects go to Italy to study. And when they go away, they nearly always do things that are much, much better than they did before. This isn't because they haven't got teachers at home who can teach them as well as anybody; but because they can *understand* and appreciate so much better when they are living right there

where most of the beautiful, wonderful things we know, *began to be.*

You hear people speak of Italy as 'the land of all men's past.' Almost everybody who belongs to the Occident has got so much from Italy that he can't help feeling, when he goes there, that he is visiting the home of his ancestors.

We don't worship ancestors, like some of the Orientals do. But we find them very interesting. Not just our own relations in the past, but all the people who made history, which we like better when we call it *our*story.

Everybody wants to be part of an interesting story. Everybody *is* part of a thrilling story; but not everybody realizes it.

If you think you don't like 'history' (which can only be because nobody has known how to tell it to you!), try calling it 'ourstory' or 'my-story,' and see if you don't get a different feeling about it.

And, as soon as you can, go to Italy!

CHAPTER V

SWITZERLAND

I. OVER THE ALPS FROM ITALY

As we said when we were telling you about getting into Italy from France, the only other way you can get into Italy or out of it (except by boat) is over the Alps or under them. And when we knew we were going *over* the Alps, we wanted to go over the Great Saint Bernard Pass so we could see the dogs who rescue travellers from perishing in the snow.

But we couldn't do this, because we were at Lake Como and going to Lucerne, and the pass that you cross on that route is the Saint Gotthard, which isn't so high nor so historical, but takes you through some beautiful and interesting places. The Pass is about seven thousand feet high, and the railway tunnel that runs beneath it is over nine miles long; some of the time when they're in it, the people in the trains have more than a mile of solid rock up above their heads — it's more than a mile straight up to the snow on top.

The way we zigzagged up to the top was wonderful.

We were in Switzerland just a few minutes after we left Lake Como. But if there wasn't a custom house (which we would hardly have noticed if the poor lady hadn't been there who had lost her passport), you wouldn't ever suspect

you were crossing a border or frontier. For the people in that part of Switzerland all speak Italian and look Italian, and the country looks Italian too. But you can't spend Italian money! You have to have Swiss francs, which are worth about twenty American cents. The five-franc pieces look just like our silver dollars.

After you think, sorrowfully, that you've left the heavenly Italian Lakes behind you, you have another lake (called Lake Lugano) that probably doesn't know it isn't Italian, so it goes on looking — we were going to say 'just like the others'; and then we stopped. It doesn't look *just* like *any* of the others; and none of them look alike.

But Lugano certainly seems as if it must be an Italian lake; and that makes you think what a queer thing *frontiers* are.

Switzerland never joins in any war; so the very Italian Swiss who live around Lake Lugano can't ever get into a war against the 'Italian Italians' who live just across a border that you can't see. But, in the Great War, for instance, a man who lived just a couple of yards on the Italian side of the border had to go to fight and maybe to die; while a man who lived just over that line-you-can't-see, on the Swiss side, though he probably had to do soldier-duty, too, didn't have to fight and die, but only to guard frontiers and do things like that.

Lugano has been Swiss for more than four hundred years. The way it happened was that a young Duke of Milan (who didn't stay duke very long) gave it to Switzerland to pay the Swiss for

helping him chase the French out of his duchy. The French came back, and the young man stopped being a duke, but Lugano kept on belonging to Switzerland. The people like it! They must *feel* Italian, *inside*, because they do so many things just as Italians do. But they like to be Swiss on the *outside*, because Switzerland is a kind of republic (though they call it a Confederation) and the people have a lot to say about everything; in fact, they have *all* the say. They have a President, like we have, but he is President for only one year. And they have states, like we have; only they call them cantons. And each state has its own constitution, besides the national constitution. So they're quite a good deal like us.

For a long time they were a lot better off than the Italians who were not Swiss. And even now, though the other Italians are getting along so much better than they ever did before, you probably couldn't get a Lugano Italian to change over and belong to Italy.

The Swiss who live near Italy speak Italian and are very much like Italians. The Swiss who live near Germany speak German and are very much like Germans. And the Swiss who live near France speak French, and are very like French people.

A great many Swiss people speak all three of those languages, and English too. There isn't any real Swiss language; but there's a different kind of speech from English, German, French, or Italian, which just a few people from eastern Switzerland use; its name is Romonsch.

It's queer how Switzerland makes you think about *nationalities!* You begin thinking about such things almost the minute you cross the border and begin to breathe Swiss air. So that, by the time you reach Geneva, you can't help being ever so interested in the League of Nations, even if you never thought you would be.

Well, we went along the edges of Lake Lugano, which is a very beautiful lake; and we stopped awhile in the town of Lugano, which is a place we'd like to stay in much longer, sometime. It has so many different kinds of interesting things. There are the fine hotels and promenades along the lake, and lovely gardens. There are the picturesque streets, with the arcades covering the sidewalks, just like many places in Italy. And there are the most fascinating shops!

In a little while after leaving Lugano, we came to another Italian-looking town called Bellinzona, that became Swiss when Lugano did. It has three fine castles where lords and ladies of the Duke of Milan's court must have talked about the sailor from Genoa who had found a New World when he thought he was finding a very *old* one. *They* didn't know what he had found, though! Even *he* didn't. Some of the Duke's relations got letters telling about Columbus; and one of the letters said that he had 'discovered certain islands . . . with broad rivers and terrible mountains . . . inhabited by handsome men and women who go naked. And the rivers there run with gold, and there is plenty of copper but no iron, and you can neither see the Arctic nor the Antarctic poles.'

We liked to think of America as the world knows it to-day. And then look at those castles which seem as if they had hardly changed at all since Columbus was a little boy.

When you get to a town named Airolo, you begin zigzagging up toward the Saint Gotthard Pass. There are twenty-eight 'terraces' that you go along, each time getting a little higher up the mountain, a little nearer the top. And as you look back and see the way by which you've come, it

certainly seems wonderful that men could know how to make such roads — even more wonderful, we thought, than that they could have tunnelled through the mountain. But of course we don't know which was harder to do.

The avalanches are very bad around here, and the Hospice, which used to entertain thousands of poor wayfarers every year before the tunnel was made, was swept away several times. In winter the snowdrifts get as high as forty feet. When we got up there, in the third week of June, they were still pretty high, and it was cold and windy, but not so as to be uncomfortable. We loved it — being so high up, with ice and snow all around us, and looking down into the valleys where it was summer-time.

We got out of the car and ran about, and snowballed, and were having lots of fun; when, suddenly, along the road came a young man who lived up at the Hospice (which is now a hotel) with two Saint Bernard dogs. We were so excited and delighted that we must have surprised those dogs very much. We ran right at them, yelling, 'Lookee! Lookee!' and holding out our arms to them to come to us. They looked at us as if they thought we didn't need to be rescued from anything and couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. We think the young man must have explained to them; because he told them something we couldn't understand. After that, they seemed to know why we were so glad to see them, and they were real nice with us — let us take their pictures, and everything. It seemed as if they

were kind of amused with us, and our admiration of them. We tried to ask them if they ever rescued anybody who was perishing in the snowdrifts. But they just kept on looking at us as if they found us sort of mildly entertaining, but nothing to be excited about — like a poor traveller lost in the snow.

That made us want to know more about Saint Bernard dogs. We found out that it takes two years to train them to be rescuers. And we heard the story of 'Barry,' the Saint Bernard who saved forty people's lives and then was stabbed to death by a poor Italian who was crazy with fright at being lost in the snow, and who thought that Barry was a wild beast going to eat him.

You don't have to go over the Saint Bernard Pass, if that isn't on your way. You can go up to it, now, in a one-day motor-bus excursion from Lausanne or Montreux.

II. WHERE MANY RIVERS ARE BORN

The snows that melt up on the Saint Gotthard, and trickle down or else tumble down in beautiful cascades (we counted waterfalls in Switzerland until we got tired — it seemed 'most like counting automobiles in Chicago) have very different things happen to them. Some of them run into the river Rhône, and some into the Rhine, and some into the Po.

The snows that run into the Rhône flow out from under the great Rhône Glacier, and travel more than five hundred miles to the Mediterranean, away down below Arles, that we're going

to tell you about in our book about France. Those snows go flowing through a valley that is like a huge trench they have cut through between two of the highest ranges of the Alps. When you go out of Italy into Switzerland by way of the Simplon Tunnel, your railway train goes through that 'trench' or valley, and one of the famous peaks that is south of the Rhône and you can see from it is the Matterhorn. At the end of that valley, the Rhône plunges right into Lake Geneva, and flows along underneath the blue waters of the lake for forty-five miles, and then comes out at the other end of the lake where the city of Geneva is. And when it comes out, it is blue and beautiful, too.

Soon after it comes out, another river runs into it that is cold, gray icy water that's coming from Mont Blanc. And when the blue river and the gray river meet, they won't have anything to do with each other for a while. They act as if the gray river thought the blue river was 'stuck up,' and the blue river thought the gray river was dull and uninteresting — so they go flowing along, side by side, without mingling; like two travellers going to the same place, by the same route, who are too 'sniffy' to speak to one another. But by and by they get acquainted (the rivers do, we mean) because they have to crowd through some very narrow gorges, and they can't stay so hoighty-toighty. And then they have a most beautiful, wonderful journey all the way to the Mediterranean Sea — past one lovely, story-book place after another.

There are two little Rhines that begin up in these snows, above the Italian Lakes, and finally flow together quite a way east of the Saint Gotthard, and pretty soon they flow into Lake Constance. A short way after they leave the lake, they make the Rhine Falls. They keep on going west then for quite a distance. And after they turn north into Germany they, too, have a famous course to the sea — the German Ocean — past castles and crags with stories to them. When the Rhine gets away up to Coblenz, in Germany, a river flows into it that's named the Aar, which starts from some glaciers not far from the Saint Gotthard, and flows through the lovely lakes of Brienz and Thun that Interlaken lies between, and goes on through Berne, the capital of Switzerland, and by and by 'picks up' the river Reuss that starts up on the Saint Gotthard and helps to make Lake Lucerne. The Rhine has about eight hundred and fifty miles to go, and, before it gets to the German Ocean, it seems to get awful *tired*, up in Holland, and the Hollanders have had to dig ditches, or sluices, for it to go out by!

Then, there's a river that starts up at the Saint Gotthard, that's called the Ticino. It goes south, and flows into Lake Maggiore, and by and by 'joins up' with the river Po, and ends in the Adriatic not so very far south of Venice.

We think it's ever so interesting to stand up on the Pass and imagine all the places these snows get to. And when the snows are melting very fast, and the rivers swell and swell, it's a mighty good thing that people all along their

courses have learned how to build embankments to keep them from overflowing and causing floods.

You may think, when you read this part of our book, that it sounds kind of like a geography lesson. But you can't realize how interesting it makes many, many places in Europe if you have been up on the Saint Gotthard Pass and got it clear in your mind about those rivers! Just heaps and heaps and heaps of stories grow more interesting than ever, when you feel acquainted with where these rivers began, 'and how they grew.'

III. GLACIERS AND WINTER SPORTS

When you get to the top of the Pass and begin going down the other side, you come, pretty soon, to a place called Andermatt, where there is a fortress with Swiss soldiers in it, to guard the Pass and several others which are approached from there. You look for the fortress, but can't find it, because it is hidden in the rocks. There are a number of hotels at Andermatt, and many people go there in summer to make excursions all around, and in winter for ski-ing and bob-sleighing which are very fine there.

We can hardly wait for the time to come when we can go to Switzerland for winter sports. It must be about the most fun in the whole world, and thousands and thousands of people from all over Europe and from America go there in winter for tobogganing and bob-sleighing and ski-ing and skating and curling and other kinds of fun. Imagine a 'run' of two miles or so on a 'bob' or a toboggan, and then a little mountain railway to

haul you up again for the next run! People who have done it say it is one of the biggest thrills you can get in sport. And there's perfectly dandy skating, and lots of new sports to learn that we

don't have at home. The children who go to school in Switzerland must have grand times! Ever so many American children go there to school, for one year at least; and we hope that we can, too, sometime.

Well, from Andermatt you must make a little side-trip to a place called Gletsch, to see the Rhône Glacier; unless you mean to come back this way from Lucerne on the all-day excursion to the Glacier that is one of the finest trips to take in Switzerland.

It is twenty miles from Andermatt to Gletsch; and if you go to see the Glacier, you ought to spend the night at one of the big hotels — either near the Glacier or at it — because you couldn't

very well make a détour of forty miles and get on to Lucerne that night.

You hear so much about glaciers when you are in Switzerland that you feel foolish if you don't understand what they are. Of course everybody learns about them in school; but when you get right where they are, you seem to want to know *more* — just like you do about everything when you're travelling.

Glaciers are really snow-piles that are thousands and thousands of years old and have melted only a little because they are in places where it never gets above freezing. The snows of one year pile on top of 'the snows of yester-years' that Villon wrote about (we've loved Villon ever since we saw 'The Vagabond King'), and, as the weight increases, the under snows get packed down into clear ice; and then it all gets so heavy that it starts to move and its edges start to melt in the heat that's caused by pressure and by friction. Up in the polar regions, big 'chunks' break off and float away in the form of icebergs. In other places, like Switzerland, the melting part of the glaciers runs off in rivers. In the Arctic and Antarctic the glaciers are on flatter ground and they can't *slide* as well as the Alpine glaciers can. The Alpine glaciers move down the valleys, very, very slowly, like ice rivers. The Rhône Glacier now is eight miles long, which is two miles shorter than it was when people first began to take account of such things and make records of them.

It is certainly a marvellous sight to see, espe-

cially in early summer when the ice lies between banks where lovely wildflowers grow.

And oh! what wildflowers Switzerland has! Fields and fields and fields of them! We'll tell more about them later.

In the Glacier there's a gallery cut in the blue ice that's wonderful to visit. And you see where the river Rhône begins.

To reach the Glacier from Andermatt, you go over a very high pass, called the Furka, that is eight thousand feet high. And when you take that excursion from Lucerne we told you about, you go back to Lucerne over a very beautiful pass named the Grimsel and you see the Handeck Waterfall which is almost one hundred and fifty feet high and has the loveliest rainbow colors when the sun shines on it. But the falls in Switzerland that we were most interested in were those called the Reichenbach Falls, because that is where Sherlock Holmes disappeared when everybody thought he was gone forever. We were having our first attack of 'the Sherlock Holmes fever' when we were in Switzerland, and were thrilled to think of being in any place that was told about in one of his stories.

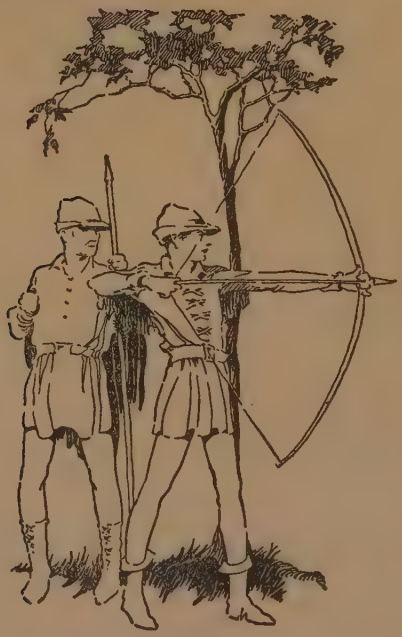
IV. WILLIAM TELL'S COUNTRY

Switzerland is 'in' a great many wonderful stories. And on the way from Andermatt to Lucerne, you go through the places that are in her most famous story of all: William Tell. You go close to Bürglen, where he was born, they say; and you cross the river that he was drowned in, trying

to rescue a child; and you go to Altdorf where he wouldn't salute Gessler's hat and so he had to shoot the apple; and where there's a tower marking the spot on which the lime tree grew that his little boy was tied to. They give performances of Schiller's play, 'William Tell,' there every year, and in which the peasants act. A little farther on is Tell's Chapel on the place where he sprang ashore and escaped when Gessler was taking him to prison.

In case you don't remember the story, it's this: The bailiffs of the Austrian Emperor were very cruel to the people here, and some of the bravest men got together in a lonely meadow and swore that they would only pay just taxes, not unjust ones, and would stand by one another to defend their rights. The bailiff named Gessler heard of this and determined that he'd show them who was boss. So he had his hat set up in the square at Altdorf and said everybody must take their hats off in respect to it. William Tell wouldn't. So Gessler made Tell shoot *at Tell's own little boy*, who was tied, with an apple on his head. Tell shot the apple off without hurting his boy. He had an arrow left, and he told Gessler that, if he had killed his son, he was going to use the other arrow to kill Gessler. Gessler had him bound and was taking him to prison; but a storm came up and they had to untie Tell and beg him to steer the boat. When the boat got near shore, Tell jumped out and escaped. A few days later he hid and waited for Gessler to go by, and shot him. The story is told in pictures on the wall of the little

chapel that's built where he sprang ashore. The Swiss people love the memory of William Tell, because they hate tyrants and admire courage and strength that are used for patriotism and in defence of liberty.



Everywhere that good music is played we hear, over and over again, the 'Overture to William Tell,' the opera that Rossini wrote. And when you hear the very first strains of it, you go whisking back by magic to the shores of beautiful Lake Lucerne, and seeing again all those places that are connected with his story.

The shore of Lake Lucerne that has most about William Tell about it is the part where the Axenstrasse is that nearly everybody must have received a postcard picture of from some friend who went to Lucerne. It is a road about six miles long

that is cut right through the rock at the very edge of the lake; and all along the outside wall of rock there are large openings like windows, which make sort of frames for the perfectly beautiful pictures of lake and mountains that you see through them. It is very interesting to experiment and learn how much even the loveliest land-

scape seems to improve when you see it through an arch or other opening that frames it.

V. LUCERNE

When you strike Lake Lucerne, just after you leave the town of Altdorf where Tell shot the apple off his son's head, and have gone through the Axenstrasse, you think that surely you'll soon see Lucerne; but you keep on going, and going, and going, until you are sure that Lucerne must be running away from you. The lake is such a queer shape. The William Tell part of it looks like a long, narrow lake that ends up ahead where there's a place called Brunner. When you get to Brunner and turn a corner, you see what you think must be the *real* lake; but you go on, north, and leave it stretching away off to the west. Pretty soon you come to a wee little lake that isn't Lake Lucerne at all. And then you come to another lake, called Lake Zug, and go along the south edge of that. A few minutes later, you come to what looks like another lake, but is another part of Lake Lucerne; and at the top of it is where Gessler had his castle that he was taking William Tell to, and the 'hollow lane' where Tell hid himself so he could shoot and kill Gessler. Well! you go along this lake until it widens out into the biggest part you've seen yet; and then you turn another corner, and finally you get to Lucerne, away up at the top of a kind of bay. Such a chase! But all of it so beautiful that you wouldn't care if it were twice as long.

The real name of Lake Lucerne is the Lake of

the Four Forest Cantons, because the four 'states' of Switzerland which surround it are full of forests. No lake could help being beautiful that had those marvellous mountains around it. But this lake is so full of surprises! When you go sailing along it in one of the very fine big steamers that are always on the go, up and down and in every direction, you think, '*This* is surely the loveliest part of it all!' And then, your steamer swings around and turns a corner, and you say, 'Oh, no! *that* wasn't the loveliest! *This* is.' And so on.

The steamers have broad, shaded decks, and restaurants on board. They stop, every few minutes, at one of the many 'resort' places that are thick along all the shores of the lake. Once, when we were sailing back to Lucerne after we had gone up the mountain that's called the Rigi, there were a lot of Swiss school children on our steamer (they had been up the Rigi, too) and they sang, all the way. We liked that! They were the healthiest-looking children you could imagine — cheeks like rosy apples, and bright eyes, and they looked as if they could climb mountains or do anything. We hoped they would 'yodel' — but they didn't.

Nearly always, on the steamers, there are some mountain-climbers, with their hobnailed shoes and their sharp-pointed alpenstocks, and their ugly clothes, and packs on their backs.

We didn't climb any mountains, except in automobiles; but we went up the Rigi in the cog-wheel railway that is the oldest mountain railway

in Switzerland. To do it, you take a steamer from Lucerne to a place called Vitznau; and there you get on one of the open cars that the engine pushes up to the top, which is over four miles. This mountain is not a snowy one, but a woodsy one,

and green; even at the top it was grassy, and warmish. We didn't care much about it. In winter it must be fun to go up so you can coast down. But in summer it is kind of queer — everything is slanty and 'skew-gee' when you're going up and coming down. We thought the lake and the mountains were *much* more beautiful from down below. We were tired when we got back to Lucerne — as tired as if we had climbed

up on our legs. And the next day we were sick in bed — which is something that so seldom happens to us we hardly know what to make of it when it does. It might have been eye-strain, from looking at everything *leaning* out of plumb. Some people say it is eye-strain that helps to make seasickness. We don't know. But we know that the only thing in all our European travels which 'knocked us out' was going up the Rigi. We didn't get our usual appetites back for a week — which was a great tragedy, where there are such marvellous things to eat!

The first time we had strawberries at Lucerne, our eyes almost popped right out. They were on a high silver dish that's called a 'compote,' and that had green leaves laid in it for the strawberries to rest on. You'll think we're 'stretching it' when we say that those berries were at *least* as big as eggs; but we're not! Each berry was fully four or five bites; and no matter how much you love strawberries, you could hardly eat more than half a dozen. With them there was a pitcher of thick, sweet cream that we could hardly pour. And, mind you! they give you this *after* you've had a perfectly scrumbunctious dinner, even including sweet that *we* call 'dessert' — but in Europe, dessert means fruits and nuts and things that come after everything else.

We said we'd like to meet strawberries like those for breakfast. So next morning there was a big dish of them on our breakfast tray. The morning after we went up the Rigi we not only couldn't eat a bite of anything, but we couldn't

stand the *look* of those marvellous strawberries, nor the smell of them, and waved them a kind of wobbly 'Begone!'

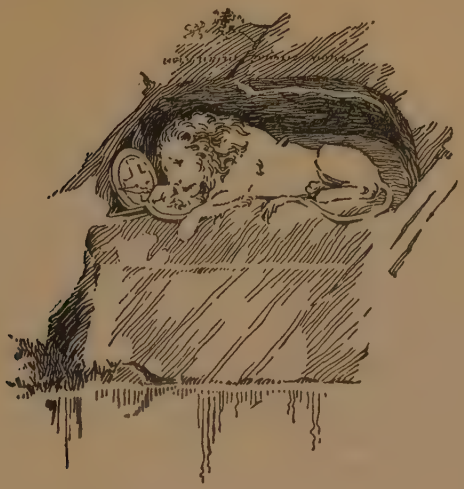
Now, it couldn't have been the altitude of the Rigi, because we went over a number of passes, some of which were higher, and never noticed it. But, the next time *these* 'prairie chickens' get to Lucerne, they're going to keep off mountain railways!

Lucerne is such a beautiful and interesting city that you'd hate anything which spoiled a single hour of your stay there. There is a good deal to see, and a lot to *do;* and even if you didn't do anything but sit at your hotel window or on your balcony, and *look*, you'd feel you could never have enough of it. We were staying at the National Hotel, which is one of the finest *and* the nicest hotels in the world, we're sure. And our rooms looked right out on the lake, above the tree-tops that shade the quay. We could see the steamers starting off, and coming back; and all the small boats; and if we had to say whether the view was more beautiful by day, with the blue lake and the snow-capped mountains, and all the lovely green trees and grass, and the flowers, or by night, with the lights around the lake and the other lights high up on the mountains, we couldn't decide.

VI. THE LION OF LUCERNE

We went to see the Lion, almost the first thing in Lucerne. We have had pictures of him ever since we can remember, and have known the story of the Swiss Guard that he keeps people

reminded of; it is part of a big story with many sides to it, that is one of the things which interest us most in all history: the French Revolution.



When 'The Reds of the Midi' (have you read the book by that name? We have!) stormed the Tuileries Palace in Paris on the morning of August 10, 1792, the soldiers who were defending Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and their children were the Swiss Guards, who had just one thought as to their duty: they were there to protect the royal family, and they were going to do it. The mob killed them off by the dozen, fighting their way to where the King and Queen were. And when Louis saw that it was no use trying to guard him any more, he took a little scrap of paper and scratched a note on it to the Guards to stop try-

ing, because they were getting killed for nothing. That was the last order he ever gave as King of France; for, just after he wrote it, he and his family went out of one of the doors that opened into the Tuileries Gardens, and walked across the gardens to the old riding-school where the Assembly (or Congress) was; and there the King asked the Assembly to let them come in, for safety. They were never free again! And then France declared that she was a republic.

So many of the brave Swiss Guards were not only killed, but had terrible things done to their dead bodies by the furious mob, that a young soldier who walked around near the Tuileries that night saw scenes which made him sicker than any he was ever to see on any battlefield. And he knew something about battlefields when he wrote, years later, about the slaughter of the Swiss Guards — for his name was Napoleon Bonaparte!

The Lion of Lucerne is a monument to those lion-hearted Guards who died at their post of duty. He is carved right out of the rock. His paw is resting on a shield that has the French lilies on it; and his loyal heart is pierced through with a broken-off spear. The expression on his face is one of the saddest that anybody ever saw; he looks broken-hearted because his courage and his devotion were not great enough to keep the King safe. And that grief might be because he liked the royal family and was in despair because they had gone into captivity; or it might be because he couldn't bear the thought that a Swiss Guard had been beaten down by a mob. Any-

way, it is a monument that makes you think a lot. And it is beautiful, even though it is so sad. There's a pool in front of it that reflects it; and all around it is green and lovely.

There is something called a Glacier Garden right by the Lion, with holes in it that show there was once upon a time a great glacier that went from the Saint Gotthard to where is now the very north of Switzerland. But we didn't go in to see. The Lion had filled us full of other kinds of thoughts. He is the monument of forty-two officers and about eleven hundred men, who are buried in Paris in the little cemetery where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were buried until Louis's brother became King. And Charlotte Corday is buried there, too; and Madame Roland; and many, many more who were victims of the guillotine.

Instead of going to see the Glacier Garden, or the Panorama that's there, too, we went to look at the old walls of the city that were there in William Tell's day. These are very picturesque, and make you think of stories and poetry and everything romantic. And you can't help thinking of *this:* the two stories that are most thought about in Lucerne are William Tell and the Swiss Guard at the Tuileries that the Lion commemorates; and William Tell is honored because he killed a cruel Austrian (Gessler) who was the bailiff of the Hapsburg Emperor; while the Swiss Guards are honored because they died to protect an Austrian, a daughter of the Hapsburgs — Marie Antoinette. It seems that in this part of

Switzerland, especially, people have hated and dreaded the Hapsburgs for many, many centuries. But when Swiss Guards, many of them from Lucerne and around this lake, were hired to protect a daughter of the Hapsburgs, they died doing it, and died bravely, because it was their job, their duty.

The old streets of Lucerne are very interesting: and the old wooden bridges over the river Reuss that comes out of the lake at the part of Lucerne where the railway station is are among the most picturesque that are left in Europe. One is called the Spreuer-Brücke ('brücke' means 'bridge') and the other and more famous one is called the Kapell-Brücke or Chapel-Bridge. In olden times bridges nearly always had a chapel on them, because rivers used to overflow and cause terrible floods, and people believed that if they made sacrifices, or prayed, the floods wouldn't happen. You know! We told about this at Rome, explaining about the Pontifex Maximus. The old bridges don't go straight across the river, but slantwise — maybe the rushing waters were less likely to sweep them away if they went like that (we don't know what the reason for it was), or maybe they had to connect with the walls, or something. They are covered bridges, and inside they have lots of pictures. The Spreuer-Brücke paintings are about Death, and are very 'spooky.' In the other bridge the pictures are about men that Lucerne is proud of, and show the things they did.

There's an old tower alongside the Kapell-

Brücke which was part of the fortifications, built in the thirteenth century. Some people used to say it was a Roman tower and used for a lighthouse, and that was how the city got its name—because 'lucerna' means 'lantern.' But that isn't so.

The shops in Lucerne are so interesting you could spend a week just looking at them. Some of them are very elegant, and sell most beautiful and expensive jewelry and things like that. Then there are the embroidery shops, that sell table-linens and dresses and underwear and handkerchiefs, and everything that can be embroidered by the Swiss girls and women who do such wonderful work. Some of the embroidery on fancy pillow-covers and table-sets is copied from pictures, and

the people are 'worked' so you can even see the expressions on their faces and the finger-nails on their teeny-tiny hands. You can't believe that such stitches could be made even by fairies. Yet the girls who sit, all dressed up in their pretty Swiss costumes (every canton has a different kind of costume) outside the shops, embroidering, don't look the least like fairies; they are big, husky girls who can probably toss hay as well as they can embroider eyelashes. The winters are so long and cold and snowy that they have lots of time, we suppose, to do embroidery, as the men do wood-carving, while they sit indoors trying to keep warm. Anyway, the things they make are certainly lovely.

Another kind of shop that Lucerne and most Swiss places are full of is the kind that sells wood-carvings. You can buy fine carvings anywhere, but we got most of ours at Interlaken, because that's very near where many of them are made. So we'll tell about them when we get to Interlaken.

One of the first shops we went into in Lucerne was Mr. Wicki's bookshop on the Schweitzerhof Quai. We bought 'The Black Arrow' there (Stevenson's) and got started on a kind of Stevenson craze (we had only read 'Treasure Island' before), which was easy to keep going on, because you can buy his books and hundreds of other good ones, in a paper-bound edition that's called the Tauchnitz, almost everywhere in Europe; they don't cost much, and they don't take up very much room. It was Mr. Ongania, in Venice, who

got us started on buying them. We love book-shops.

Buying and reading famous books in beautiful and famous places is a very interesting thing to do, we think. Because — take 'The Black Arrow,' for instance: whenever we think of it or read of it or hear it spoken of, we not only remember the story, and a lot that we learned about Stevenson, but we seem to see ourselves in Mr. Wicki's shop, buying the book; and then coming out onto the lovely, chestnut-shaded quay along the blue lake, with the snow-capped mountains all about; and after that up in our beautiful sitting-room in the hotel, curled up in a corner of a big chair, resting and reading, and every now and then looking out over the lake and toward Pilatus.

Another thing that's interesting to buy in Switzerland (we bought some of these at Mr. Wicki's, too) is playing-cards that have portraits of famous Swiss people on all the face-cards, showing them in the historical costumes of their times and their cantons. You get two portraits on each face-card, so that gives you twenty-four in a pack. On the backs there is edelweiss. The portraits are very fine, and the cards are beautiful.

In Switzerland, every place that has many visitors has a thing called a Kursaal, or concert hall, where they give concerts and shows and eat and drink, and have gambling. A good deal of the gambling is betting on little toy horses — different ways of racing them. It is fun to watch, for a while; but we didn't care much for Kursaals except the one at Interlaken which is in a beauti-

ful park. They have wonderful fireworks there, sometimes, in the evenings. And the orchestra is fine.

There's a great deal to say about Lucerne, but we'll tell only one more thing about it — and that's about Pilatus, the mountain that's supposed to be named for Pontius Pilate. The gloomy little lake up on the mountain where (as the story goes) his body, sewed up in a sack, was thrown after both the Tiber and the Rhône had cast it up and made an awful fuss about it, is dried up now. And we don't know whether there are any people left who really believe that on Good Friday mornings the ghost of Pilate rises from the place where the lake used to be and washes its hands as Pilate washed his when he let the mob take Jesus away and crucify him. But, anyway, the story makes the mountain interesting, we think.

VII. PLACES YOU CAN VISIT FROM LUCERNE

There is a nice all-day auto-car excursion you can take from Lucerne to Zurich and the Falls of the Rhine. We told you about the one you can take to the Rhône Glacier. Then there are several different kinds that go to Interlaken (one that goes up the Jungfrau, and others that don't go up), and there is a fine trip that takes four days and goes to a number of the most interesting places in Switzerland.

The way that most everybody goes between Lucerne and Interlaken is by the Brünig Pass which isn't a snowy pass (anyway, not in summer) but a woodsy one, only about thirty-three hundred

feet high, and the railway goes over it and not under it; so that, whether you go by train or auto, you cross it. We went that way by motor; and we went between Lucerne and Interlaken by the other way, too, that's not so often taken. It is through a lovely valley called the Emmen-Tal that is noted for its cows and cheese and its farmhouses; we liked it.

The way that goes over the Brünig Pass comes down, on the Interlaken side of the Pass, near Meiringen, which is at the foot of five passes. The Reichenbach Falls, where Sherlock Holmes disappeared, are near Meiringen, and the town itself has lots of wood-carvers in it. It is not far from Brienz, which has about two thousand wood-carvers in it, and a school for teaching boys how to carve.

We told you, at the beginning of our book, how we had played, when we were just babies, with little carved bears from Switzerland. We had a papa bear and a mamma bear and a baby bear, like in the story of Goldilocks, and we used to have so much fun putting them in the bronze gondola and taking them for rides. So, of course, when we got to Switzerland and began seeing wooden bears for sale in almost every store we passed, we were very pleased, because that was one of the things we had looked forward to seeing. Goodness! there are bears and bears and bears! You'd think that live bears were one of the principal products of Switzerland, though probably there aren't any at all except the ones in the famous bear pit at Berne. But either the Swiss must be awfully fond

of bears or else they know that their visitors are (and visitors are the chief 'industry' of Switzerland), so they carve bears in every size from one you could put in a peanut to one you might take for a grizzly if you bumped into it in the dark; and people buy bears to hold out card-trays and ash-

trays, and bears to stand by tree-trunks that are coat-trees and hat-trees; and bears doing all sorts of things that no bear was ever meant to do.

They carve lots of teeny-weeny bears doing things, too: a baby bear sitting under an umbrella and painting at his easel — painting a pretty colored picture of the Castle of Chillon; and two baby bears sitting at a table playing cards, holding 'real' little playing-cards in their paws; and bears playing in an orchestra; and so on. Ever so

cunning, these are. We bought some, and wish we had bought more.

We bought a Swiss chalet, too, with sloping roof all scroll-saw-y, and two doors; a tiny man with a rake comes out of one door when it's going to be fair weather; and a girl with an umbrella comes out the other door when it's going to rain. And we bought Saint Bernard dogs (wood ones!) which are very lifelike.

What Nannie bought was wood figures, about six inches high, of Swiss people — peasants, mostly. They really are wonderful.

We wanted to buy a cuckoo clock, but we didn't.

Many of the things that are carved at Brienz are sold at Interlaken, and at Berne, and Lucerne. Some of the carved wood things are really just toys or 'souvenirs'; and some are kind of 'gim-cracky' to keep around much, after you get home. But the little figures of men and women seem to be the kind of thing that many people who know about artistic things admire. Because, ever since we got ours home, people have been wanting to buy them.

Interlaken is just hotels and shops and a few houses, and a view of the mountain that is called the Jungfrau, and people that are always going somewhere — usually *up* something or other. If you sit still for a few minutes, some one is sure to come along and ask you if you have been to the Schynige Platte or the Wengern Alp or the Kleine Scheidegg, or the Lauterbrünnen and Mürren, or to Grindelwald or up the Jungfrau.

And if you haven't been to the one they've just come from, it seems that you haven't really seen anything in Switzerland at all — unless you can tell them about something that *they* haven't been 'up,' and make them feel that they are the ones who haven't seen anything worth talking about.

The Lauterbrünnen Valley is full of fine waterfalls. Mürren, high up above it, is a great place for winter sports, and for the view. It and Grindelwald are full of English people in the winters.

Interlaken means 'between lakes'; and one of the lakes it is between is called Brienzersee, or Lake Brienz; the other is called Thunersee, or Lake of Thun. The Lake of Thun is very lovely, and at the top of it where the river Reuss comes

out is the town of Thun, which has a splendid castle and most picture-book-y old houses and streets. We'd like to stay there sometime. There are steamers on both those lakes, and lots of nice hotels along the shores of Thunersee especially.

From Thun to Berne it is nineteen miles.

Berne is the capital of Switzerland. Some people say it is named for Bären, or bears. The story is that when a band of knights who were hunting, in the year 1191 (which was in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted), saw this spot, their leader said it would be a fine place to build himself another castle. So he said, 'Let's name it after the first animal we shoot!' And the first animal was a bear. Anyway, the town's coat-of-arms, or seal, has had bears on it for more than seven hundred years. And there have always been bears kept there, as kind of town guests, for four hundred years and more — except for a little while during the French Revolution, or just after it, when Napoleon was beginning to help himself to Europe, and French soldiers entered Berne and sent the bears to Paris to show what they could do.

We have lived across the street from a bear pit (in Lincoln Park, Chicago) almost ever since we can remember; so we're used to bears. The people in Berne treat their bears just the same as we treat ours; and the bears act the same as ours do. But of course it's nice to see that bear pit, because it's something like the wolf and the eagles on the Capitoline at Rome — a kind of symbol.

A grown-up second cousin of ours was in Berne, once, for just a few hours, between trains. She took an open horse-cab to drive around and see the city. The driver could only speak, and understand, German, and she didn't know a word of it. But she kind of waved her arm to show that she

wanted to see the town; and he understood that. She saw a good deal, but not any bears; and she remembered that everybody who goes to Berne seems to see bears. So she tried to tell the driver to be sure to take her to the bear pit. But she couldn't make him understand. She tried to think what kind of sounds bears make, and she grunted. But he probably thought she was talking American-Indian, or something like that. Then she stood up in the little carriage and tried to *act like a bear*, all the while grunting and making bear-ish noises. The people in the streets were very surprised and interested. Quite a crowd gathered. And finally some one joined the crowd who could speak English and German. He asked the poor lady what was the matter. And she said, nothing — only she wanted to see the bears. So he explained to the driver, and to the crowd — and she saw the bears!

A way to keep from having to do that is to go to the nearest postcard place you see (and it's never far to one!) and pick out pictures of places you want to go to. Show them to the driver — then keep them so you'll know what place it is when he gets you to it.

Berne is one of the most picture-book-y towns anybody can imagine. For one thing, it has streets and streets of quaint old houses whose second stories are built out over the sidewalks (like in some parts of Italy and in France) and make arcades. Ages and ages ago somebody wrote about them: 'All the houses are adorned with arcades toward the street, so that one may in rain or storm walk

through all the streets of the town dry-shod.' Well! of course you have to come out from under one arcade and cross a street to get to the next; and you could get your shoes wet in between arcades. Nannie says she had to buy rubbers in Berne, once — and she hardly ever wears them. But, anyway, there are lots of arcades and they are good for many things besides being picturesque and keeping off the rain and sun. They have stalls in them, with things out of the shops, so you can buy without going inside; and the people who live in the houses above sit out under the arcades and visit one another and watch what's going by. You could wander along, for hours, under those arcades, seeing things that interest you.

Then, there are the fountains! Berne has many, many old fountains which look as if they had been set up for fairy-tales to happen around. One is the Ogre Fountain, where the ogre is eating a child! There's a Sharpshooter Fountain, with a man in armor and a funny hat, on it. If you take a picture of it and the street it is in, you could use it in almost any of your favorite 'once-upon-a-time' books for an illustration — one that you *know* isn't 'made up,' but is 'really true.'

The oldest fountain is the Bagpiper Fountain. Then there's a Fountain of Justice, and a Bear Fountain, and goodness knows how many more, with children playing around them, and horses and cattle being watered, and sometimes women washing clothes.

What you'll probably love as much as anything

in Berne (and Berne is full of things that children like) is the Clock-Tower, which used to be the west gate in the old town walls, but is now the kind of centre of Berne.

When the hours are ready to strike, an armored figure, who's supposed to be the count who founded Berne, strikes on bells with a hammer, the way the two men do at Venice. Just before he does it, a wooden manikin rings two little bells. Then, a troop of little bears go round in a circle, a cock crows, a man, with a staff in one hand and an hour-glass in the other, opens his mouth and strikes with his stick, at every stroke.

In a very, very old town about twenty miles north of Berne — a town called Soleure, that is wonderfully quaint — there's a clock with three mechanical figures: a king on his throne, and on one side of him is a warrior and on the other side is Death holding an hour-glass. When the hour strikes, the King opens his mouth, and counts the strokes with his sceptre; Death nods his head and turns his hour-glass upside-down; and the warrior hits his chest with his right hand.

We loved these old clocks in Europe, and never missed an opportunity to see one.

There are many interesting things to see in the Berne Historical Museum. One is a Gutenberg Collection illustrating the history of printing. Another is an old chemist shop. Then there are groups showing how the Swiss houses were furnished in olden times. And there are some of the tent furnishings that Charles the Bold left behind on the field when he fled in defeat from Grandson.

Also, there are many things to show you how people lived in Switzerland 'way back in the times when they had to have their dwellings out on sticks in the lakes, to keep safe from wild beasts and wild *people*.

And then — ! You know Barry, the Saint Bernard dog who saved so many travellers and then was stabbed. His skin was stuffed and is in the Natural History Museum at Berne. There is a monument to him in the Dog's Cemetery at Paris.

The Rose Garden at Berne is one of the most beautiful parks any one could imagine. And there are many other lovely parks and promenades, with marvellous views of the Alps.

It is a city that nobody who goes to Switzerland ought to miss — but lots of them *do!*

VIII. GOING TOWARD GENEVA

When you leave Berne you are probably going to Montreux. But unless you expect to make some nice long auto-car excursions from Lausanne or from Montreux, you ought to visit some places, like Morat, from Berne. Fribourg is a very picturesque old town that you can see by stopping off on your way from Berne to Vevey, or Montreux. But Morat is off to one side and you'd have to make a special journey to it.

It has its old walls just as they used to be in olden times — with watch-towers and gates and the covered platform, going from tower to tower, that the men used to stand on to fight the besiegers; and everything looks as if it hadn't been

changed a bit in five hundred years or more. Once upon a time, in June, 1476, Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, came here with a great army and besieged the town for thirteen days. The walls you see are the ones he and his soldiers attacked. But they couldn't take the little town, and finally in a big battle outside the walls, the Burgundians were defeated — about ten thousand were left dead on the field, it's said, and many others were drowned in the little lake that Morat stands beside.

Once, Nannie wrote a story, a historical novel, about Mary of Burgundy who was Charles the Bold's beautiful young daughter and heiress. And for several years before she began writing it, Nannie spent lots of time, when she was over in Europe, going to places that Charles had been, and places where the principal things took place in Mary's story. So she got very, very well acquainted with everything that's about them, and has told it to us in stories ever since we can remember. And, naturally, we feel as if we had almost known Charles the Bold, and Mary. You probably remember Charles in 'Quentin Durward,' and how he trapped Louis XI in his castle at Péronne.

Charles was a pretty good fighter, but he wanted too much. He was so rich, to begin with, that the kings and emperor were just nothing compared to him. And he had simply immense possessions to rule over. But he wanted to be an emperor — to be the Emperor of Belgian Gaul. So, instead of tending to all that he had he was nearly always trying to get some more. In

February, 1476, he came into Switzerland to conquer parts of it because he had decided that he needed them for his empire — and the Swiss had had enough of emperors! There's a town called Grandson, at the west end of Lake Neuchâtel, and Charles besieged it and took it. But two days after he took it, lots more Swiss came, from other parts of Switzerland, to help Grandson, and there was a terrible battle in which Charles was whipped all to pieces. He had thirty thousand soldiers when the battle began, and when it was over, there were only five who were left around him, to flee with him — leaving everything behind. One thing, of all the great treasure that Charles lost at Grandson, was a huge diamond that's now in the Louvre. A peasant who found it didn't know what it was, and it was 'lost' for a long time.

Well, there's a saying that at Grandson, Charles lost his *Gut*, which means his *goods;* and that at Morat, he lost his *Mut*, which means his *nerve;* and at Nancy, in the beginning of the next year, he lost his *Blut*, which means his blood, or his life.

He's not so interesting in himself, we think; but he's connected with so many interesting stories in history that he's really a very important person to know about. And you have to be very careful not to get him mixed with Charles the *Bald*, King of France, who was Charlemagne's grandson and lived more than six centuries before. In French it's easy to keep them separate, because they call Mary's father 'le Téméraire,' which means kind of *rash;* and they call Charlemagne's grandson 'le Chauve,' which means bald.

Louis Agassiz, the great scientist who taught at Harvard for about twenty-five years, was born across the Lake of Morat from the little old walled town. And the Lake of Morat was one of those that used to have houses built out in it, in very ancient times.

All that part of Switzerland which is between Berne and the western border is very interesting and full of castles with fine stories to them; it is not grand, like some other parts, but it's the kind of country you enjoy. The children who go to school at Lausanne certainly have a mighty nice 'back yard,' as well as a 'front yard' that's Lake Geneva and the snowy Alps. Neuchâtel is a great school town, too.

Lake Geneva is about forty-five miles long, and is shaped kind of like a crescent with the horns turned down. In places it is more than a thousand feet deep, and at its widest part it is nine miles across. The Rhône runs into it at the east end and runs out at the west end where the city of Geneva is. The lake is very blue, and there are a great many beautiful snow-capped mountains close enough to the south side of it so that you see them very plainly all the time. There are many swans on the lake. And the sailboats have sails shaped like the wings of a bird — like great pinions with long points — and when you see one or two of these, and some swans, near a place like the Castle of Chillon, with the snow-crowned Alps behind and the very blue sky above, you can't believe it's true; or, if it is true, that *you* are really seeing it with your very own eyes.

All along the east end, near where the Castle of Chillon is, there is a string of places that people love to stay — Vevey, Clarens, Montreux, Territet, and so on — with separate names, but no real separation between them, and a tramway (or street-car line) running all along the shore.

Anywhere along there is a lovely place to stay; and about fifty thousand visitors go there every year. Americans mostly go in July and August and stop off for only a day, or even less, on their way to or from Italy — because this is on the Simplon Railway from Paris to Milan. But Montreux is pretty hot in summer. The nicest times are spring (when the wildflowers are blooming thick on the hills above) and fall (when the grapes are being harvested) and winter (for the winter sports in the high places up above Montreux).

If you take your trip to the Great Saint Bernard Pass before you visit the Castle of Chillon, you get a much better idea about the castle than you'd have otherwise. Of course you can see the castle and be thrilled by it, without realizing just why it was so important. But it's *lots* more interesting after you know more about it.

That Saint Bernard trip takes you up through the wide valley of the Rhône where the river that you saw when it was just born, at the Glacier, has got big and strong, and comes rushing out of its long valley to dash through Lake Geneva and come out at the other end, headed for the Mediterranean. That valley is the way to the Great Saint Bernard Pass, and that very beautiful part

of Italy where the ancestors of the King lived long ago — Savoy. And it is also the way to the Simplon Pass and Milan; and to the Furka Pass and the Saint Gotthard. So, you see, the owner of that Castle of Chillon could just about say who could go into Italy over any of those routes, or who could come out of it by any one of them.

If you go to the Saint Bernard, you go up the valley to the place called Martigny, where the Rhône turns north toward the lake, after having flowed southwest all the way from the Glacier, eighty miles or so away.

Martigny is a sort of 'junction' for the Simplon and the Saint Bernard and for Mont Blanc and Chamonix; and there is where the monastery is from which the monks of Saint Bernard go up to do their 'shift' of duty in the Hospice at the Pass.

The Pass has been known and used since long before the time of Christ. The Romans used to have a temple of Jupiter up there. And by and by, when Christian pilgrims began going from the north to Rome, they used the Pass a great deal. Armies went over it, too, and in 1800 Napoleon came this way that you're going, at the head of forty thousand soldiers. Each regiment took three days to cross. And at the little village called Bourg-Saint-Pierre, which was the first night's stop for the soldiers, but was only a lunching-place for Napoleon, because he went quicker, there is an inn named 'Hotel of Napoleon's Luncheon,' where they'll show you an armchair he sat in. There's an Alpine Garden in that village where two thousand kinds of Alpine plants grow.

About ten or twelve 'canons' or monks, and a lot of lay-brothers who are learning to be monks, stay at the Hospice at a time. They don't charge for anything — lodging or food or anything; but if you can afford to pay you are supposed to put in a box at least as much money as it would have cost you to stay at a hotel; and that's one way the monks get enough to help them give their aid free to poor wayfarers. If you are motoring, you can't sleep at the Hospice. They don't want it used as an excursion place by people who are rich enough to travel in automobiles. They want to keep it for those who have to get across the Pass less comfortably and quickly.

We wish we knew how to tell all the things you think of when you look into the eyes of those Saint Bernard dogs. They look as if their thoughts were too wonderful for words.

When you have been at Martigny and up at the Pass, you take a very different kind of interest in the Castle of Chillon — and especially if you feel acquainted with 'Uncle Peter,' as we do!

We have known about 'Uncle Peter' and his family so long that we can't quite remember when or how it began. But we think it was like this:

As we told you at the beginning of this book, we've been talking, since we were almost babies, about going to Europe and what we were going to do there, and kind of playing it all out, like a game, as if we had really started.

Over the main entrance of the hotel in London, that Nannie always lives at when she's there, is the figure of a man dressed up in armor of olden

times and looking as if he belonged in a story. We have pictures of the hotel, and of that entrance, and we think we must have asked who the man is, and Nannie said, 'Uncle Peter.' So then, of course, we asked 'Uncle Peter *Who?*' and got at least the beginning of the story. We liked to hear about Uncle Peter's nieces; they are always bobbing up in stories — in Italy and France and England, and even Africa and the Holy Land; you find them connected, somehow, with so many interesting things; and you say 'Oh, yes! she was one of Uncle Peter's nieces,' and feel acquainted with everybody in the story.

Uncle Peter came from Savoy, over on the other side of the Great Saint Bernard Pass; his father was Count of Savoy, and they were descended from Umberto Biancomano, or Humbert the White-Handed. There is a beautiful ship that goes to Italy, called the Conte Biancomano, and the name of Umberto or Humbert is still the favorite name of the Italian royal family who are descendants, not of Uncle Peter, but of his brother.

Well, Uncle Peter had a sister named Beatrice, who married a French count and lived in Provence, down where the Rhône flows on its way to the Mediterranean. And sister Beatrice had four daughters who all became queens. Dante tells about them in his 'Divine Comedy.' One daughter, Marguerite, married the King of France, Louis IX, the great King who's called Saint Louis. And a daughter named Beatrice, for her mother, married King Louis's brother

Charles, who became King of Naples and of Sicily. Then, the daughter who was named Eleanore married the King of England — King John's son, Henry III; and the fourth daughter, named Sancha, married King Henry's brother Richard, who became King of the Romans.

Those were Uncle Peter's nieces! And Uncle Peter had a fine time visiting them. He went to England several times, and nephew Henry was very good to him — gave him a London palace, made him an earl, and so on. The palace in London was called Savoy House, and it was where ever so many interesting things in English history happened. The hotel is where the palace used to be, and that's why it is named 'The Savoy' and has Uncle Peter above the entrance.

Uncle Peter was lord of the Castle of Chillon, and he could say who could go by it to cross the Great Saint Bernard Pass or to go up the Rhône Valley toward the Simplon.

The castle was used as a prison more than for anything else, and it might never have been famous, except for its picturesqueness, if Byron and Shelley hadn't visited it, in 1816, and been shown the dungeons. On their way back toward Geneva, a big storm came up, and they had to go ashore at Ouchy, which is just below Lausanne. And as it rained hard for two days, and Byron hadn't anything to amuse himself with, he wrote a poem called 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' which made just about everybody in the world want to see that castle.

The poem is about a man named Bonivard who

spent four years in the underground dungeon that you visit at the castle. That was in 1530 to '34; and it didn't seem to do Bonivard a great deal of harm, because after he got out he was married four times. But Byron made everybody feel very sorry for Bonivard. Also, he made them feel very angry against the kind of Tyranny that could keep men in dungeons.

The thing that interests you so much at the castle (outside of the castle itself, which is *very* interesting) is that a poet could go there and see it in a way that made tens of thousands of people go there and feel sad about a man who didn't really matter much, and a Thing (which is Tyranny) that matters a great deal.

Once Nannie had to get off a boat at Ouchy, because there was a big squall. And *she* stayed there two days. But she didn't write any poem.

There is a hotel not far from the Castle of Chillon that is named for Lord Byron.

Montreux and all the other places along that stretch of shore are full of hotels, and shops, and tea-pavilions, and 'cinemas' (which are 'movies'), and tennis courts, and such things. It is very gay. On the heights above, where there's fine sport in winter, there are such acres and acres of lovely wildflowers, in spring, that people come from miles around to see them. The narcissus is especially wonderful; and in June, when it is at its best, they have a narcissus fête at Montreux, with a procession of floats, people in fancy costumes, and at night a Venetian carnival on the lake which is just fairy-like, it's so beautiful.

At Vevey they sometimes have a Wine-Growers' Festival, with a great pageant.

A fine thing to do when you're at Montreux is to take the mountain railway up to Caux and spend a night up there in the beautiful big hotel. There are lovely walks in the woods near the hotel, and the view of Lake Geneva after the lights come out around the shore is one you'll never forget.

We hope that when you get to Montreux it won't be for just overnight, the way many people do. There's such a lot to do around there that's interesting. Have at *least* one day for playing in those marvellous hillside meadows where the wildflowers grow. (There are times, in June, when the forget-me-nots are so thick that you'd almost think the blue sky had fallen down.)

And when you must leave, go by one of the fine big steamers. Because from a boat you get an idea of the gorgeous scenery quite different from what you can get going along the shore.

Vevey has a good many things about it to make it interesting. One is that Paderewski has a lovely home there. And another is that it's the headquarters of Peter's milk chocolate and of Nestlé condensed milk. You can go to the factories and see them made; but the factories are not in Vevey, though you can visit them in a day's excursion from Montreux. That excursion takes you also to Gruyères, the home of 'Swiss cheese' — and a picturesque little old town with a fine castle.

But the thing about Vevey that interests us

almost more than any other is that it's where Laurie proposed to Amy — you know! in 'Little Women.'

Well, after Vevey, the next place on the north shore of Lake Geneva to stop at, if you can, is Lausanne (you get off at Ouchy — and don't call it *Ow*chy! It is Ooshy), where so many American children go to school.

Lausanne is a fine city, but it hasn't so very much to see if you're looking for 'sights,' and not so many stories connected with it.

If you have to hurry, perhaps you'd better stay on the steamer till you get to Geneva. Because at Geneva there's a good deal to see, and there are some fine excursions you'll probably want to take — especially the one to Chamonix and Mont Blanc.

IX. GENEVA

Mont Blanc is about sixty miles from Geneva, but if it isn't hidden by mists you can see it beautifully from the quay in Geneva that your hotel is probably on. There is a fountain in the lake at Geneva that plays on Sundays and holidays and throws a great, white, glistening spout of water nearly three hundred feet up into the air and lets it fall in tumbling spray. And on a bright sunshiny afternoon (the light or sunshine or something in Geneva is so bright that the first thing you want when you get there is smoked glasses), when the light is strong on Mont Blanc, and that fountain is leaping up toward the very blue sky, and the white swans are swimming quite thick

around the Pont du Mont Blanc that crosses over where the Rhône starts to come out of the lake, and there are sailboats in view, with those pinion-like sails, the picture is so beautiful that you can't help wondering if there is another city in the world with so much loveliness to show and to enjoy.

Everything in Switzerland is shining, speckless clean; but Geneva seems, although it is quite a big city and not just a place to entertain visitors, to be even more shining clean than other places. Everything seems to be full of clean air, scrubbed with clean water, and glistening with clean sunshine. When you take a walk out to where the Palace of the League of Nations is, you go past some beautiful apartment houses from whose windows people can see Mont Blanc and the fountain and the white boats and swans on the blue lake. And you decide that some day, when you can, you're going to live in one of those apartments, for a while if not for all the rest of your days. If you are grown-up and a woman, you probably think, envyingly, that the housekeepers in those apartments can't have to take their curtains down for cleaning more than once in every few years. And if you are not so grown-up, you probably think that the boys and girls who live around there can't need to wash their faces and hands half as often as you do at home.

Julius Cæsar tells about Geneva; so you see it isn't very new! But all the parts of it that you see until you go hunting for the old parts are so new-looking that you could almost believe it had been built just a very few years ago.

The old part is on the other side of the Rhône from where the Palace of the League of Nations is, and the Casino, and most of the hotels; it is up around the Cathedral and the University.

Your steamer that brought you from Montreux stops at the quay that many of the hotels are on, facing Mont Blanc. The lake is narrow there, just before it ends and the river Rhône begins; and on the opposite side, across from your landing-quay, is a very pretty English garden and a shady long quay leading to a fine park with many amusements. There is another park, on the side that the League of Nations Palace is on, and it is called Mon Repos, or 'my rest.' And down close to where the Rhône and the Arve meet, there is a pretty Willow Walk, and a very nice park called Bois de la Bâtie. Besides these, there are a number of beautiful promenades planted with stately trees. And there is the Rousseau Island, where the Rhône begins, with the swans' houses and resting-places on it. So Geneva is well supplied with green spots to rest and read and play. It has lots of music, too: wonderful organ recitals, and band concerts, and orchestras. It is where Jacques Dalcroze has his head school of eurhythmics, which we hope you know about. We had our first lesson in this lovely thing long, long before we could *say* 'eurhythmics' and before we knew that Dalcroze was a man's name and not a kind of wonderful dancey game.

We had a splendid teacher, Mrs. Eleanor Burgess, who has studied in Geneva a good deal with Mr. Dalcroze; and we can never forget how

exciting she made it for us. Betty was very shy, just then, about doing anything before strangers or even at home if she thought anybody was looking on. But in the Dalcroze class she joined in without knowing it. And pretty soon, Mrs. Burgess played something on the piano and Betty got up and danced it; and then Mrs. Burgess said, 'Make the steps on the blackboard,' and Betty did. And it was music! Regular music that you can play — the music Mrs. Burgess had played for her — though Betty didn't know what a note of music looked like. She thought it was all a game!

'Dalcroze' is something to make you *feel* music so that you can't help expressing it — playing it, or dancing it, or writing it, or something. Eurhythmics means just 'good rhythm,' which is important for you whether you use it for music or not — helps you to have good physical culture and steady nerves and graceful movements, and a better speaking voice, and lots of things that everybody wants to have. It's taught in schools all over the world, now; so perhaps you have had it, and one of the first places in Geneva you'll want to see is the Jacques-Dalcroze School, and some of the classes being taught there.

X. THE RED CROSS

Maybe you haven't had Dalcroze eurhythmics. Maybe you're not 'for' the League of Nations. But you've almost certainly done your bit for The Red Cross, and are 'for it,' heart and soul; so you will be very, very interested to visit the birthplace of the Red Cross Society.

It seems that until the time of the French Revolution there were no people present to care for the wounded in battles. If a soldier was wounded, he probably had to lie where he fell until the battle was all over. Then, the next day or maybe later, men would come around looking for the injured, and would carry them to where there were surgeons; and very often, it was then too late to save them. At the beginning of the French Revolution, when the armies of the new Republic had to fight against the Prussians and the Austrians, a distinguished French surgeon worked out a plan of flying field hospitals, to be right with fighting men and give 'first aid' immediately, and get the wounded quickly to base hospitals. Napoleon, when he came into command, gave every help he could to this system; and to another plan, of another distinguished French surgeon, who organized a corps of soldier stretcher-bearers and trained them to work right on the battlefield while the fighting was going on, picking up the wounded and carrying them to the field hospitals.

But the enemy used to shoot at the stretcher-bearers, and try to make prisoners of the wounded, and do things like that. So, after a good many years (about seventy) some citizens of Geneva got together in a room of the Athénée (where they have art exhibitions now) and said, 'Let's form a committee and try to get the people of different nations to promise that in war they will respect the men who have been wounded; and the men and women who are caring for them.'

They invited other countries to send delegates;

and the next year (which was 1864) they had a Convention in Geneva, in the City Hall, or Hôtel de Ville, where they signed that agreement to respect the wounded and their doctors and nurses, and organized the Red Cross Society. The flag of Switzerland is a white cross on a red ground; so the new society turned that around, and took for their emblem a red cross on a white ground. And to-day, that is the best-known and most-loved flag in all the world.

The United States seems to be awfully scared of joining things. For, will you believe it? although our country was in the midst of a most terrible war just then (the Civil War), we wouldn't join the Red Cross. We didn't join it until it was almost twenty years old.

Now, here's where an American woman comes in that makes you proud to be an American: Clara Barton.

She began to teach school when she was only sixteen, but her health broke down and she had to quit. When she was thirty-three, she got a job as a clerk in the Patent Office in Washington, and

worked there for several years. When the Civil War broke out, she began getting together and distributing supplies for the soldiers in hospitals. And somebody was always asking her if she had ever heard of their boy or husband or father or brother, who was missing. And she'd always do her best to help them find out what became of their loved ones. For four years after the war was over, she helped people find where their dear ones were buried. And then, as she was very tired and worn out, she went to Switzerland to see if she couldn't get better. Switzerland is full of people trying to get better health. And after you have been there awhile, it's easy to understand why so many of them *do* get well again, there.

But Clara Barton couldn't take time, even in Switzerland, to think about herself — which may be one reason why she, although a delicate woman, lived to be ninety-one, and when she was nearly eighty was still able to go into fields of great suffering and destruction, and direct the work of relieving it.

She was nearing fifty when she went to Geneva to rest — and, instead of resting, to begin her great life-work. Almost as soon as she arrived, members of the International Committee of the Red Cross visited her and begged her to help them. And she went right into it, heart and soul, and poor, tired body too. Then the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and Miss Barton went with the members of the International Red Cross Committee to the scene of the fighting, and helped organize the military hospitals. And when the

war was over, she directed the relief work for the poor and needy.

Then, in 1873, she went back to the United States to organize a Red Cross here, and to get her country to work with other countries in the International Committee. She had nine years of hard work to get us in. She was the one who proposed that the Red Cross should take care of sufferers in floods and famines and pestilences and all such calamities, as well as in war.

She died in 1912 (two years after Florence Nightingale, who was just a year older than Clara Barton), and few women who have ever lived have done so much for humanity. We hope you'll think about her a great deal while you're in Geneva.

And we hope you'll think about the League of Nations, too. Because even children can be thinking about it, and deciding what they hope to do about it as soon as they are big enough to get any attention paid to what they say and do. We're not 'in it,' you know! Just as we weren't in the Red Cross till Clara Barton led us in.

When we hear people talk about the League of Nations, we have to remember the time in our house when we decided to have a Juvenile Court. Two of us were at war a good deal of the time, as children are. So Nannie said we'd have a court, because after you're *kind* of civilized you're supposed not to scrap things out like savages, but to see if they can't be settled by law, which is simply a rule that people have agreed to go by.

The first time we tried our court, it went like

this: Nannie answered the telephone, without turning on the light that's beside it. We knew that she was talking to some one we liked and wanted to speak to. When she got through with the receiver, we both grabbed for it. And, somehow, the smaller of us got hurt, and cried. (We were about five and seven then.)

So we had a court. Nannie was the Judge. Sisser was the Complainer, because she said Betty hit her. And Betty was the Explainer, who had to tell if she did, and why. The Explainer had to keep still while the Complainer told her grievance; and then she could have *her* say.

The Complainer was crying. 'Betty hit me,' she said, mad as anything. Betty started to say, 'I did not!' but she had to wait for her turn.

'Why did she hit you?' the Judge asked, very calm and kind and quiet, and so you couldn't tell whether she was sorry for you or ashamed of you.

'I don't know!' the Complainer wailed.

'Do you think she meant to hit you? Or was it an accident?'

'I don't know!'

'What do you *think?*'

'Well — it *might* have been an accident.'

'Then, there are two kinds of accidents,' the Judge went on. 'There's the kind that couldn't have been prevented; and there's the kind that wouldn't have happened if somebody had been careful and thoughtful and not grabby. Which kind do you think this was?'

The Complainer thought this was the kind that came from being grabby and not thinking, or

caring, that in a scuffle in the dark some one might get hurt.

'Lots of unpleasant things happen,' said the Judge, 'because somebody thinks of nothing but "me first."'

'Yes, they do,' sobbed the Complainer, feeling very abused.

'What,' asked the Judge — as if she couldn't imagine what the answer'd be — 'were *you* thinking about when you grabbed for the receiver?'

Even if you are only five, you can nearly always tell when a thing is 'fair,' or seems so to you. And we knew that was.

Did we 'scrap' again? Goodness gracious, yes! Heaps of times. And we still do! But probably not nearly as much as we should have done if it hadn't been for the things we learned in 'Court' — mostly the things we learned about *ourselves*.

Lots of people seem to think that the League of Nations isn't a success because it hasn't changed all the human nature of all the people that are in it; because they are still 'scrapping.' We're only little girls, but we'd know better than to think like that. We know it from *our own experience!* And we should think bigger and older folks would know it the same way.

We think it helps, a lot, for people who don't agree, or who think they've got a grievance, to get together and talk things over, and let other folks hear both sides; and, if there's one that won't 'play fair,' and that's always looking for a fight and never willing to be reasonable, *never* willing to

'give in,' always bullying a smaller feller, we think he ought to have something done to him by the ones that want to be decenter. We don't know what that thing ought to be. But we should think it probably wouldn't be war if the idea that got the whole bunch together was to try to keep from having wars.

Anyway, there's a lot to the League of Nations, it seems, besides just judging scraps that countries have got into. There's the principal part of its job, which is to try to 'get together' on heaps of things, so there won't be so many subjects left to scrap about.

When we get a few years older, we hope to spend enough time in Geneva so we can learn a good deal about the League of Nations; for we think it's very interesting. We hadn't been in Europe very long before we found out how very many nice, kind, friendly people there are in all the countries we visited; and we suppose there are as many in other countries that we haven't seen yet. We think it's wonderful to get acquainted, and to feel that we are friends with so many kinds of people that we're always reading about and hearing about.

Nannie says that all travellers are ambassadors for their country, whether they realize it or not; that we, when we go abroad, are 'examples' of the kind of people our country has for citizens; that every one of us makes our country better liked or less liked by each one of the foreigners we come in contact with; and that every time we get acquainted with a foreigner and like him real

well and feel that he's a friend of ours, and make him like us, we are doing something which is just as important, in its way, as what all the distinguished people are doing at Geneva. She thinks that, if children can get this idea when they're young and sort of grow up with it (the idea of world-neighbors), lots of things will go better for them than they have gone for generations which didn't have it. It won't be the millennium; but it will be a little better than it was, and we will have helped to make it so, and that's a big satisfaction.

When we set out to write this book, we thought we were going to do just one. But before we had gone very far with it, we knew that we were going to do several — if you like the first one. Because there's so much to see and to tell about; and we don't know that anybody else has told about it in just this way.

Of course Nannie has written the book. But she has done it as we would have done if we knew how to write books. And she has been such a pal of ours ever since we can remember that she knows almost more than we do ourselves about the way we think and the way we express our thoughts, and everything. She has always liked to know what children think about things, even better than what most grown-ups think about them. So we have told our ideas to her, ever since we can remember. And she has told stories to us.

But she always waited to see what we were interested in, and wanted to know about. And then, when we asked, she'd tell us a story — just as much as we seemed to want, and not any more. What made us *ask* was usually a picture or something else that looked interesting, and we'd say, 'Tell about it!'

In Europe we did the same way. When something looked interesting, we'd ask about it. And usually, when we were finding out about that, we'd hear of something else we wanted to ask about. When you go along that way, either at home or abroad, you don't get 'stuffy.'

You can't take in everything, all at once. And if you *could*, you'd have indigestion!

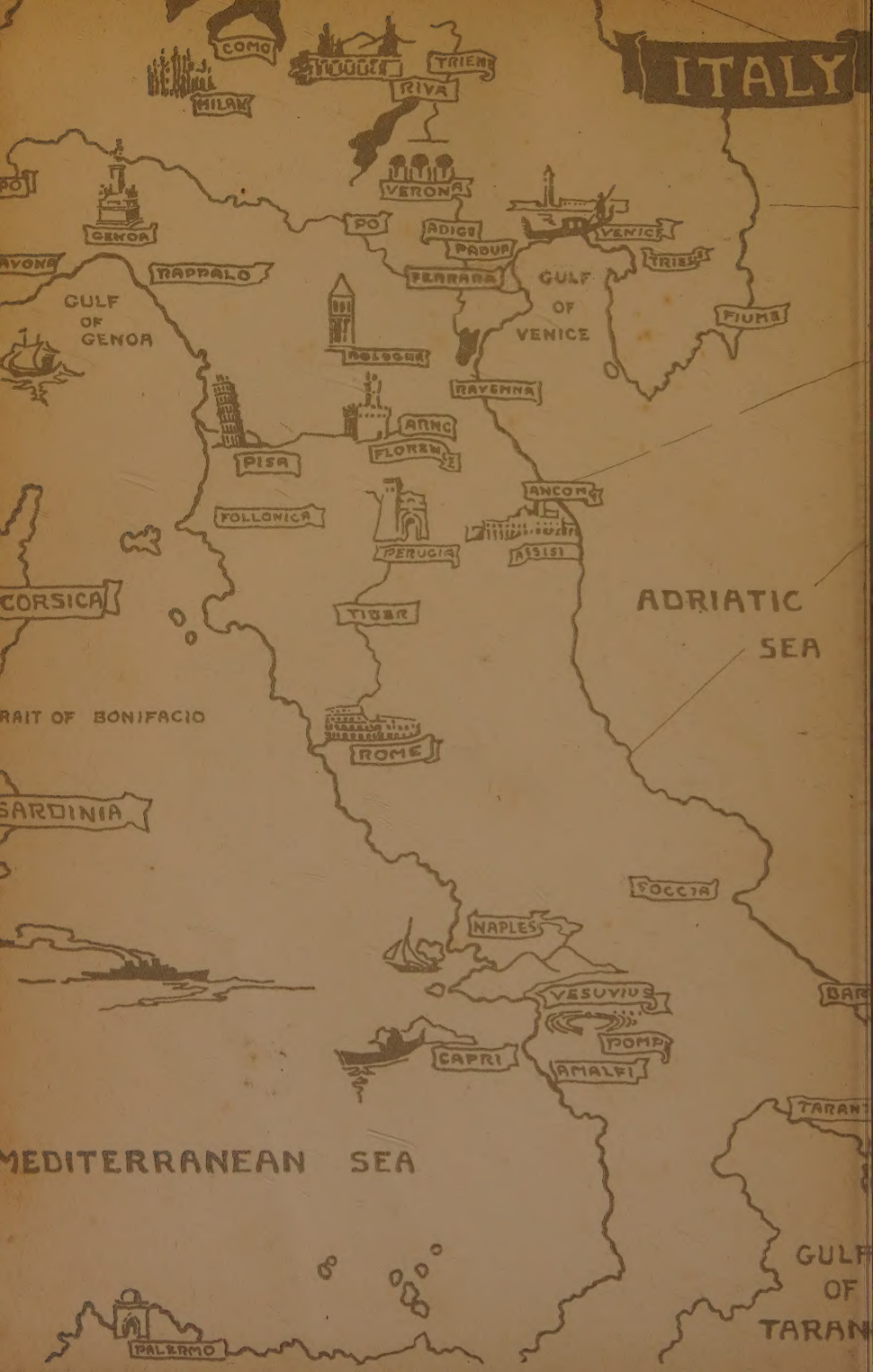
Get *some!* And hope to go back for more when you're older and different things will interest you. The great things to get in travel are those that make us better neighbors, and those that make fine books more real to us.

And when we have had beautiful experiences, then we should (Nannie says) ask ourselves, 'What did you *do* while you were warm?'

This is what Thoreau made himself ask. He was a pencil-maker, of Concord, Massachusetts, and a friend of Emerson and Hawthorne and other great writers, and he was a fine writer, too. And he believed, a good deal like Saint Francis of Assisi, that it's better not to have many *things*, because, if you do, you fuss about *them* instead of about *thoughts* and service, and so on. So he lived in the woods, some of the time, in a very simple way. And one day he was chilly, so he gathered sticks and made a fire, and sat thinking how nice and comfy he felt, and all through his own efforts. Then he realized that a man who was warm and cozy ought to *do* something that was more worth while than what a cold, shivering chap could be expected to do.

And if we could remember to feel that way about many of our pleasures and privileges, some of us would certainly be kept awful busy.

We don't always remember. And when we remember, we don't always do anything about it. But we hope that we haven't failed to do at least a *little* to show how we appreciate the opportunities we've had. And we certainly hope we've made you want to go, too, and to begin planning for it right away.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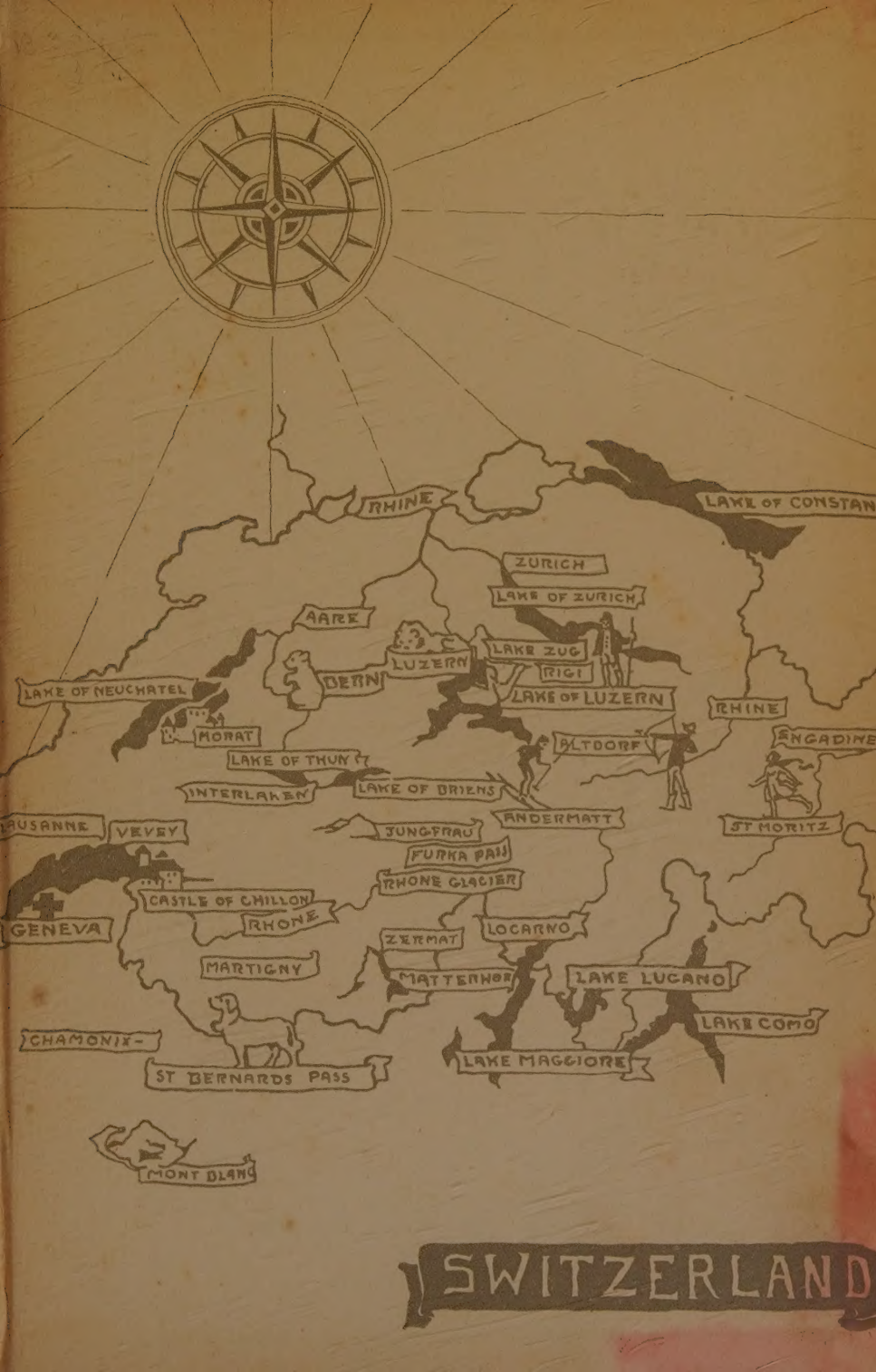

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